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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



IVELY evidences of a presidential election are more noticeable in Washington than ever before in country-wide political contests. The capital city has a large population and legion of voters who are having all the fun of a political campaign, but will have no vote in deciding as to whether Herbert Hoover or Alfred E. Smith will be their next mayor. Politics and then more politics has been the dominant theme of conversation in Washington during the gay October days, with an occasional comment on the glorious Autumn weather. En route on the Avenue going to and from his headquarters, Mr. Hoover has been a more conspicuous figure in Washington than ever before. Some prophets insist that the rather unique situation will again occur in having a president and president-elect living in the same city, recalling the days when President-elect Taft and President Roosevelt lived together in these respective official capacities within the borders of the same city. Cynics say that this situation

led to the schism which later occurred between these two men, but even they were ready to

concede that such conditions are not likely to occur between Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. All this is a lively anticipation of the Republicans in view of what may occur November 6, 1928.

DAY by day in every way the radio has echoed political speeches that have a most subtle and enlightening influence. It marks the passing of the oldtime stump speech when fiery oratory and hypnotic power of the speaker swayed the assembled multitudes. If the candidates or the announced speakers do not continue with words and phrases that suit the hearer, click goes the switch, and out the window goes the speaker. This applies even to the candidate themselves, senators, representatives and others who may think their message all important. It is just another cog in the liberties of the sovereign voter that seem to be increasing with the march of invention. Even the process of casting the ballot itself is now likely to fall under the pall of a mechanical process. The radio talks have at least relieved the mails of tons of literature that is never read, considered heretofore all-important in the conduct of a presidential race.

FROM Manila comes the welcome news that the Philippines have "gone American," and adopted a new policy in their ambition to obtain independence.

With co-operation the present watchword in Manila and with storms of other days apparently cleared away, it has been suggested that Filipino independence is a dead issue. Such a suggestion, coming at a time when this important group of the Eastern archipelago still represents every stage of civilization from savagery to high culture, must be tempered with a clear understanding of local political and civil conditions.

These political leaders, these laborers, these cigar makers, and plantation owners who inhabit more than 3000 islands cannot easily be put into a single bracket labelled pro or con. It is true that the question of independence has been pushed toward the background but it is not true that these men and women whose progenitors revolted against the Spanish oppression which followed Magellan's discovery of the islands in 1521 and whose fathers took



Roy O. West  
Secretary of the Interior



Wm. F. Whiting  
Secretary of Commerce

up arms against American rule in 1899, have laid aside all thoughts of independent government.

Senator Sergio Osmena recently summed up the situation with this statement:

"I believe the next three years will be a period of harmony and understanding. Guided by the spirit of mutual respect and tolerance, but firm in defence of our ideals, we shall be able better to serve the interests of our people,



*Agnes Ayres of the Paramount pictures with Minnetta and Paka.*

thereby furthering their freedom at the same time.

"Within our future status as a sovereign people, our friendship with America will be of incalculable value."

Here is no loud demand for immediate independence, and that attitude gave Isaure Gabaldon an opportunity to oppose the leaders at the recent election. Gabaldon, advocating extreme nationalist, was defeated.

His defeat was one indication that the natives are beginning to rely on realities. They wish more than ever to deal with practical considerations which will benefit the islands.

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NOW that Rob Roy, the White House collie, is dead, there was talk that a feline pet might later grace the household of the White House. Cats promise to become popular in motion pictures, for we note Miss Agnes Ayres, motion picture star, has had her picture taken with a favorite animal. All this brings to mind the fact that the Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals has done great work in looking after the animals that have added hours of comfort and solace to mankind. More significant than all this, is the fact that the movement has had a specific influence in making kindness more of a phase of human relations than ever before. Boys and girls, taught early to be kind to helpless creatures, cultivate an impulse that becomes a habit in later life in dealing with fellow humans. Far-reaching results of this movement have even engaged the attention of European nations in trying to analyze and get the most out of what has helped to make America a great nation.

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THE innate kindness of Helen Keller, deaf and blind since infancy, towards dumb animals indicates that there seems to be some sort of an understanding between the animal kingdom and humans. Under the teaching of Miss Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller's education was extended on from helplessness on to a triumphal graduation from Radcliffe College with high honors. Since then Miss Keller has lectured extensively for the endow-

ment fund for the American Foundation for the Blind. Through her speaking and writing in many of the leading periodicals she has become an author and speaker of distinction. Under instruction from C. A. White, of the New England Conservatory of Music she made great improvement in speech. The story of her deliverance from the extreme penalties of deafness and blindness is told in her autobiography. There is nothing in this record more tender and touching than her reference to her pet dumb animals, which she can neither see nor hear. With her favorite cat she makes a picture of that supreme content and understanding that obtains between a human and a beloved pet in placid environment of an ideal domestic life.

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THE "pants buttons" used for street car rides in Washington were merrily clicking in the register while I was reading the statistics marking the decline of street car traffic, despite the heroic effort that the companies are making to hold the business against the competition of busses and motor cars.

Here are some of the numerous slogans used:

"The Safest Place on the Streets—the Street Car," "Around the World Fifty Times Without a Breakdown," "You Don't Deliver Your Own Mail—Why Drive Your Own Car Downtown?" "Leave Your Car and Worries at Home—Use the Street Cars," "Let the Motorman Find Parking Space."

Last year only 1182 new street-cars were bought by American companies, and only 767 of these were for city service, the rest being bought by interurban lines. This is the lowest figure for any year since 1907, the first year for which statistics are available. The companies complain that they simply haven't got the money, and most of their plans for higher fares include the argument that they cannot improve service and bring back lost riders without additional revenues immediately.

In the big cities the street-car companies are openly calling upon the public to recognize the fact that, in the rush hours at least, the street-cars carry the most people while taking up the least amount of space and help out the problem of congestion.

Many of the companies are offering "All Sunday Rides" everywhere, anywhere—all the time—free, if the pass-



*The garden of Mrs. Henry H. Flather, Washington.*

enger has used one dollar in tickets during the six days previous. Some may think the street car is on its way to the museum with "old dobbin," but there is still a kick of usefulness in the caravans carried by the trolley. At least they have no difficulty with the great universal, national problem of "parking." The only difficulty now is to be dexterous enough to "catch a street car" when the motor traffic jam is on.



THE beautiful gardens of the homes surrounding Washington are never more glorious in their beauty than when they take on the colors of ruddy Autumnal splendor. In her beautiful Georgetown estate, Mrs. Alvin Dodd lives among the scenes associated with the life and memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The Eastman Kodak warning on the highways that "there's a picture ahead," preparing wayfaring photographers for a "shot," was recalled in a drive about Washington when the lens of the

OFFICIAL Washington is, of course, as intensely Republican a center as can be found anywhere in the states, even though its citizens are denied the ballot. And anything that official Washington says or thinks is likely to be highly tinged with Republican colors, the wish being father to the thought. Nevertheless, Washington's reaction to the various events of the campaign has a significant barometric value. If the trained politicians of Washington like the way the campaign is going, or if they do not like it, is, from its very nature, as



*The box-garden at Hollin Hall in the Virginia hills, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Peyton Wilson of New York and Washington.*

eyes were focussed upon the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Robert Whitehead and Mrs. Henry N. Flather. Then too a glimpse of the main stairway of Hollin Hall, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Peyton Wilson, located at Alexandria in the Virginia Hills, recalls the stately dignity and hearty hospitality of the old days in the Southland. It is well that Washington has so many splendid exhibits of the one supreme ideal of American life—a beautiful home with flowers and garden, and other evidences of living as they lived in the good old days when the social life was a dominant phase of human existence.

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INTEREST in sports seems to be on the increase rather than the wane since the Olympics. While the American team secured a large proportion of the prizes at Amsterdam, there is a feeling that much improvement is possible in the track teams. Alibis do not go in sports, and Charles Paddock, the famous runner, while in Washington, made most enthusiastic predictions concerning the results of the next four years when the new recruits will be able to profit by some of the shortcomings of the American teams this year. The baseball series have come and gone and now all eyes are focussed on football games on the frosty gridiron as the next great thing on the calendar for American sports. There has been the usual temperamental fuss among football managers and the Army and Navy will not hold the center of the stage this year in testing out the traditional prowess of the representatives of these two branches of the fighting forces of the government.

valuable a condensation as can be obtained of what is going on all over the country.

It may be worth recording, for whatever it may mean, that official Washington was openly jubilant over the Smith speaking tour. "Leave Al alone. He's killing himself," seemed to be the verdict. This sentiment was especially pronounced on the morning after Governor Smith's speech in Oklahoma City when a prominent editor happened to be in the Nation's Capital. "Smith's speech virtually conceded defeat. He is presenting his alibi in advance," was the way one extreme Hooverizer put it. The *Washington Post* which, to say the least, is not antagonistic to Smith, advised the Democratic candidate editorially to "talk about something else." The next day the *Post* carried headlines: "Smith Speech Resented," and a news story which contrasted the candidate's warm welcome upon his entry with the indifferent farewell when he left. It was also agreed that, while Smith's attack on bigotry was so presented as to do him harm, neither did his boasting of his own record as governor, nor his constant references to New York help him any with the "embattled farmers" of the Mid-Western plains. Washington was also pleased that the Smith speech on the radio immediately followed one by Congressman Fort, from the other side of the fence. Fort's style and delivery may be termed the very antithesis of the Brown Derby harangue, and G. O. P.'s seemed to take considerable aid and comfort from the effect of the contrast. It was noted that Fort in his speech neither mentioned Smith by name or so much as referred to him.

Political scouts at Republican headquarters declare that

Smith's denouncement of the "whispering campaign" was the first that they learned of the procedure. The Horace Mann incident was the cause of considerable resentment, and was freely denounced as "political fake" and a "frameup." Incidentally, what looks like a "whispering campaign" on the other side was causing a little stir. It seems that among the government employes there are a large number of southern girls. Like most of their sex, they are largely Hoover supporters and their influence "back home" was not to be ignored. It also seems that in one of the government departments a recent order placed colored and white employes side by side, an order which was far from popular with the southern girls. Then, from somewhere, came the story that the objectionable order had been issued by Mr. Hoover. The most

whispers, "That's the new Secretary of the Interior. Here comes Whiting who succeeded Hoover." The new members of the President's family could not get by, but swung to the right towards the Cabinet room, just as if it were a familiar routine, after admiring friends had grasped their hands and showered congratulations. President Coolidge made a visit to his birth state of Vermont, addressed the school children, looked over the farm and creamery and returned looking fit to do great work in the closing months of his administration.

**B**ACK from his journey to Paris to sign the now historic Peace Pact on behalf of Uncle Sam, the Secretary of State is already surveying the senatorial sit-



*Helen Keller and Her Favorite Pet*



*The main staircase at Hollin Hall.*



*Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers  
Representative of Congress from Mass.*

convincing answer to the story is, it is declared, that it would have been impossible for Mr. Hoover to have made the order. The incident has not been dignified with any great amount of publicity, but its effect is no doubt being quietly combatted.

**R**ETURNING to the "whispering" charges, Washington critics declare, quite apart from whether the allegations are true or false, that Tammany committed a political and tactical blunder in springing the charge so early in the game. Whatever "martyrization" value the move may possess would have been greatest just before election, they declare, recalling how the "negro blood" slanders directed against the late President Harding were turned on his traducers in the last days of the 1920 campaign. As it is, they say, a man cannot remain a martyr for long and a sympathy vote is the most spontaneous and at the same time the most intangible and fleeting thing in politics.

There is buzz of political gossip in Washington and the "red hot" nature of the campaign throughout the country is reflected in Capital conflagrations and controversies. The next topic of speculation is the wording and the possible effect of the Hoover speech in Tennessee.

**A**T the first cabinet meeting after the return of President Coolidge from his extended summer vacation at Brule—two new faces appeared. The new members both walked in with that official stride that made the Executive office visitors sit up and take notice with

uation with a view of a "consenting" and confirming vote. While there does not seem to be any danger signals out, it is evident that Secretary Frank Kellogg feels that it is best to label the whole proposition non-partisan and keep it from becoming a football in the pending political campaign. The Secretary of State was given a hearty reception abroad and was especially impressed with the welcome given him in the Irish Free State in Dublin, where he was urged to round out his diplomatic career by going to Cork and hang inverted over the old castle wall and kiss the historic Blarney Stone.

**S**PEAKING of the Blarney Stone an energetic young American, Gerrit Lloyd last year had nearly completed arrangements for bringing this magic lode-stone of good luck to the United States for exhibition and revenue purposes. A survey was made showing the large portion of Irish-born and immediate descendants who would worship the ancient Blarney as a shrine associated with luck in love and general good fortune. When I confess that during the war I was turned upside down to give a rousing smack to what is supposed to be the magic source of a propensity to palaver,—the capacity to turn a neat phrase in compliment—it is understood why I was included in the category of those within the charmed aureole of the magic stone, with which is associated a love story that makes the modern movie plot seem as mellow as a tomato of advancing age.



**A** DICTIONARY investigation by Congress may come out of the disputes arising from cross-word puzzle complainants. The most savory argument has arisen over "leeks"—not the government species, but the garden variety of vegetables that some will insist on calling onions. Are they boiled or consumed raw? The plumbers are said to be the one class of people who are attracted by "leeks" as a steady diet. Anyhow, Senator Watson of Indiana insisted that after hearing some of the discussion that he now understands the palpitating importance and origin of the current expression of the hour, "And he knows his onions."



CHARLES PADDOCK  
the famous runner.



The mighty bison that has disappeared from the plains and made a buffalo robe a rare curiosity, even in Kansas



Part of the garden of Mrs. Robert F. Whitehead.

**C**OMES a Floridan scientist to Washington with a plan to stop hurricanes. His theory is to warm or cool the air to temper it at the "place of origin" which he feels can be located. This is getting at the "source of things" with a vigor characteristic of Florida. In the Peninsula state, if there was no land—they made it. If hills and valleys were lacking they built them. With Lake Okeechobee a real captive within concrete levees after draining, there is some hope of reclaiming and holding this incomparable bit of fertility for which man has fought many years. A measure of control over the elements, is possible, and the Florida optimists insist "Why not study the aerial conditions and realms with airplanes and help correct some of the disturbances going on in the air." Anything that may interfere with the traffic to Mars in future generations, where corner lots promise to sell at bargain prices should be early considered in these hectic days of discounting the future.

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**I**NDUSTRIALLY, New England leads all other states in the Union in thirty-six manufactured articles. This indicates that the tight little area has not lost its traditional grip upon manufacturing—originally launched by Yankee inventive genius almost with the beginning of the nation. More than this, from the few states in the northeast corner of the map of the U. S. A. has been recruited many of the prominent industrial leaders in other states. In over seventy-four other industries New England ranks near the lead. All this information comes directly and officially from the U. S. Census Bureau, which has already gathered some startling statistics that will make almost sensational news, when the official curtain is raised on the 1930 official flood-tide of figures called "A Census" which appears every ten years.

**E**VERY session there is a large representation of Indians in Washington. There always seems to be legislation pending concerning the rights and privileges of the original occupants of the country. Now that one with Indian blood in his veins, Senator Charles Curtis, is likely to become Vice-president of the United States and the presiding officer of the United States Senate, the interest in the life and condition of the Indians in the United States increases. The 101 Ranch and Wild West Shows have done much to preserve the traditions of the Indians of the great West. The sight of a bison or buffalo in a park recalls a vision of herds

of thousands of buffalo galloping over the plains to those still living. The buffalo overcoat and the buffalo robe were more common in those days than the raccoon which is worn so generally today. Perhaps the problem of the future will be the same as with the buffalo. Where are the raccoons? Then perhaps we will have overcoats and trousers made of paper or fur manufactured by a synthetic process that will meet the approval of Dame Fashion.

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**O**NE of the supreme things in the scheme of government as pertains to the country is Education. This has been conceded since the meeting of the first Congress. And yet Education has not yet received the dignity of a Cabinet officer. The Educational Bureau still remains a part of the Department of the Interior. While there is no general complaint as to the work, it does seem as if a President's Cabinet should have at least one member directly and exclusively representing the great problem of Education. The extensive ramifications reached by American schools in every state, to say nothing of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, involve more important questions concerning the future than any other one department or bureau of the government. In New York, parents are fined for permitting their children to violate attendance requirements. Over twenty-five thousand foreign born men and women from forty-seven countries are attending school in Massachusetts and hundreds of classes are conducted in homes. Forty-two states have school medical inspection and in sixteen of these medical examination is mandatory. Children born in thirty-four countries were represented in Detroit grammar school graduations this year. And so—on and on the problems and demands increase, while musical, manual and nurse training together with domestic science are helping to fit the one million young Americans who make their start in life with each calendar year for earning a livelihood and making a career for themselves.

At the opening of the Radio Show in Madison Square Garden in mid-September, Thomas Alva Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone made opening addresses. It was a historic moment, for never before had such a trio of prominent men appeared on one Radio program. The speaking occurred in the studio, where Roxy and his Gang were gathered to provide music for the occasion. There was a flutter of excitement as a reception was held by the distinguished triumvirate. Mr.



*The Clown Is Ever Associated With Children and Pets*

Firestone made the first speech, followed by Mr. Ford, and then with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy and a twinkle in his eye, Thomas Edison approached the microphone and gave the world a greeting that will be a cherished remembrance of radio fans. The ceremonies were conducted behind a glass partition and thousands of interested spectators looked on while Mr. Microphone was operating upon the distinguished visitors. Outside in the hall the voices of the air were chattering away like a church social and the crowds thronged around the Television booth, where tests were conducted that revealed another marvel that will soon be looked upon as just something more to add to the complete home equipment.

TRAVELING through Alaska with Frank R. Kent, I felt that some book like "Political Behavior" was coming. He has for many years been a close observer of affairs at Washington from the press gallery. Back of the scenes one is inclined to be cynical as the audience "out front" applauds. Mr. Kent is a hard-boiled philosopher and comments:

"As a political asset the ability to dramatize your issue or your self is hard to beat. It is worth any amount of arguments, statistics, facts. If you have the dramatic touch, the ability to give a show, you can on occasions really get home to the people with a constructive issue, really make them grasp a governmental problem, really become concerned over a public question." . . .

"It is the contention of an aged but unusually astute politician now in the United States Senate—a veteran of many campaigns and in his time a candidate for many offices—that what the people want is 'hokum.' 'Give them hokum,' he says, 'and you've got 'em.' Hard boiled as is this philosophy its soundness is beyond dispute. Hokum is what they want and, other things being equal, the candidate who knows how to feed it to them will win every time over the candidate who does not. In some sections it is called 'bunk,' in some 'bull,' in some 'banana oil,' but 'hokum' is the generally accepted political phrase, and the most comprehensive. Its varieties are infinite and wonderful. John Philip Hill and his water pitcher, Coolidge and his cowboy costume, Big Bill and his King George denunciation, Tom Hefin and the Pope, Ex-Governor William R. Stubbs and his torn pocket handkerchief—they are all varieties of hokum." . . .

"It has, I hope, been made clear that two things essential to success in politics are organization support and adequate finances. But there is another which most politicians will agree is equally vital and some will maintain is the most indispensable of the three—publicity. Certainly it is true that a campaign without publicity is no campaign at all.

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DODGING automobiles to catch a street car is an outdoor sport in Washington as well as elsewhere.

The little islands in the avenues are harbors of refuge and the pavements on Capitol Hill are labeled "Walk within the lines," an admonition to the wet members of the House when they are making their pilgrimage to the building with the dome. Where is the mighty street railway magnate of yore? The statistics at Washington reveal a pathetic decline of the use of the street car and yet it continues to furnish the real comedy of the streets. When you see an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court or a Senator or dignified Congressman hopping across the avenue like a chicken crossing the road, it is not a spectacle that comports with official dignity. Pennsylvania Avenue has now the reputation of being the most extensive garage known in history, for both sides are lined night and day with the mute reminders that if you have a key and the self-starter will work—you may be able to go somewhere at a speedy pace and save the time wasted in loitering about, chatting with friends concerning the non-essentials of life.

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THE clown and the boy, to say nothing of the clown and the girl, are ever associated with youth's happy thrills. The old Punch and Judy show never wears out with the children, who are after all the most conservative of humans, for the doll and the little red wagon are ever in demand. All this was suggested when it was recalled by a cynical newspaper man at the National Press Club: "There has not been a real clown on the floor of Congress for many years and that had much to do with making the proceedings so dull and uninteresting. There have been those who have made monkeys and jackasses of themselves, but not a Member of the Senate or the House who responds to the roll-call has the courage to interpolate something that might be humorous or even clownish. Sometimes this form of procedure brings the people in general to a better understanding of public measures than the hard and fast pedantic non-understandable drone of words that constitute the Congressional Record. What would the King's Court of old have been without its jester and a gleam of real fun now and then, even if it borders on the ridiculous. Better be a clown than a useless clod."





# American Ideal Is Individualism

*Views of Herbert Hoover printed in a book eight years ago foreshadowed his policies as a presidential candidate—The book praised as a great document upon its appearance and indicating Hoover as a logical candidate for president*

WHEN the pitiless spotlight that follows a presidential candidate was turned upon Herbert Hoover, even his intimate friends began to discover that he has achieved more than appeared when the floodgates of publicity were opened, and his nomination was assured on the first ballot at Kansas City A.D., 1928. In his office in Washington I found him busy, and I dug out of his files a little book entitled "American Individualism" published in 1923. How mortified I was as an editor of average intelligence to confess that I had not heard of the book until five years after its publication. Its pages mark Herbert Hoover a statesman. I read it once—twice—three times. He has in a lucid way articulated and given a written expression to thoughts lying deep in the minds of the people. If there were nothing else, this little book will convince any thinking man or woman, boy or girl, that Herbert Hoover's philosophy, as well as his deeds and achievements, are as solid and basic as the ideals implanted in the landing at Plymouth Rock. As you read over a few of these paragraphs you may in a way gain a conception of the depth of his master mind and the abiding human sympathetic impulse of his heart. It rings true to American ideals and no other writer of his day can better claim the laurels of being a staunch, true and valiant American. As I turned the pages my vision of America was widened, my faith re-inspired with new hopes of my own America, in the irredeemable optimism, analytical, logical and inspiring ideals of Herbert Hoover.

More than any other thinker and leader of his time, Herbert Hoover has pointed the way of Hope, inspired in Faith and kindled a stronger Charity for all. He has made American Individualism more than an ethical dream—he has made it a practical purpose—touching the mystic chords of that deep-seated, spiritual love, on which the New World was founded.

*Excerpts from the book "American Individualism," by Herbert Hoover, published by Doubleday Page Co.*



Herbert Hoover

I AM an American individualist. America has been steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism.

It is not the individualism of other countries for which I would speak, but the individualism of America. Our individualism differs from all others because it embraces these great ideals: *that while we build our society upon the attainment of the individual, we shall safeguard to every individual an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, ability, and ambi-*

*tion entitle him; that we keep the social solution free from frozen strata of classes; that we shall stimulate effort of each individual to achievement; that through an enlarging sense of responsibility and understanding we shall assist him to this attainment; while he in turn must stand up to the emery wheel of competition.*

We have, in fact, a special social system of our own. We have made it ourselves from materials brought in revolt from conditions in Europe. We have lived it; we constantly improve it; we have seldom tried to define it. It abhors autocracy and does not argue with it, but fights it. It is not capitalism, or socialism, or syndicalism, nor a cross breed of them. Like most Americans, I refuse to be damned by anybody's word-classification of it, such as "capitalism," "plutocracy," "proletariat" or "middle-class," or any other, or to any kind of compartment that is based on the assumption of some group dominating somebody else.

The rightfulness of our individualism can rest either on philosophic, political, economic, or spiritual grounds. It can rest on the ground of being the only safe avenue to further human progress.

On the philosophic side we can agree at once that intelligence, character, courage, and the divine spark of the human soul are alone the property of individuals. These do not lie in agreements, in organizations, in institutions, in masses, or in groups. They abide alone in the individual mind and heart.

The inherited instincts of self-preservation, acquisitiveness, fear, kindness, hate, curiosity, desire for self-expression, for power, for adulation, that we carry over from a thousand of generations must, for good or evil, be comprehended in a workable system embracing our accumulation of experiences and equipment. From the instincts of kindness, pity, fealty to family and race; the love of liberty; the mystical yearnings for spiritual things; the desire for fuller expression of the creative faculties; the impulses of service to community and nation, are moulded the ideals of our people. And the most potent force in society is its ideals.

We in America have had too much experience of life to fool ourselves into

pretending that all men are equal in ability, in character, in intelligence, in ambition. That was part of the clap-trap of the French Revolution. We have grown to understand that all we can hope to assure to the individual through government is liberty, justice, intellectual welfare, equality of opportunity, and stimulation to service.

If we examine the impulses that carry us forward, none is so potent for progress as the yearning for individual self-expression, the desire for creation of something. Perhaps the greatest human happiness flows from personal achievement. Here lies the great urge of the constructive instinct of mankind.

Furthermore, the maintenance of productivity and the advancement of the things of the spirit depend upon the ever-renewed supply from the mass of those who can rise to leadership. No race possesses more than a small percentage of these minds in a single generation. But little thought has ever been given to our racial dependency upon them. They must be free to rise from the mass; they must be given the attraction of premiums to effort.

Leadership is a quality of the individual. It is the individual alone who can function in the world of intellect and in the field of leadership.

Our social and economic system cannot march toward better days unless it is inspired by things of the spirit. It is here that the higher purposes of individualism must find their sustenance. Today when we rehearse our own individual memories of success, we find that none gives us such comfort as memory of service given. Do we not refer to our veterans as service men? Do not our merchants and business men pride themselves in something of service given beyond the price of their goods? When we traverse the glorious deeds of our fathers, we today never enumerate those acts that were not rooted in the soil of service. Those whom we revere are those who triumphed in service, for from them comes the uplift of the human heart and the uplift of the human mind. Indeed if I were to select the social force that above all others has advanced sharply during these past years of suffering, it is that of service—service to those with whom we come in contact, service to the nation, and service to the world itself.

That high and increasing standards of living and comfort should be the first of considerations in public mind and in government needs no apology. We have long since realized that the basis of an advancing civilization must be a high and growing standard of living for all the people, not for a single class; that education, food, clothing, housing, and the spreading use of what we so often term non-essentials, are the real fer-

tilizers of the soil from which spring the finer flowers of life.

Those are utterly wrong who say that individualism has as its only end the acquisition and preservation of private property—the selfish snatching and hoarding of the common product. Our American individualism, indeed, is only in part an economic creed. It aims to provide opportunity for self-expression, not merely economically, but spiritually as well. The crushing of the liquor trade without a cent of compensation, with scarcely even a discussion of it, does not bear out the notion that we give property rights any headway over human rights.

Today business organization is moving strongly toward coöperation. There are in the coöperative great hopes that we can even gain in individuality, equality of opportunity, and an enlarged field for initiative, and at the same time reduce many of the great wastes of over-reckless competition in production and distribution.

When we come to the practical problems of government in relation to these economic questions the test lies in two directions: Does this act safeguard an equality of opportunity? Does it maintain the initiative of our people? For in the first must lie the deadline against domination, and in the second the deadline in preservation of individualism against socialism.

It is easy to arraign any existing institution. Men can rightly be critical because things have happened that never ought to happen. That our social system contains faults no one disputes. One can recite the faulty results of our system at great length; the spirit of lawlessness; the uncertainty of employment in some callings; the deadening effect of certain repetitive processes of manufacture; the 12-hour day in a few industries; unequal voice in bargaining for wage in some employment; arrogant domination by some employers and some labor leaders; child labor in some states; inadequate instruction in some areas; unfair competition in some industries; some fortunes excessive far beyond the needs of stimulation to initiative; survivals of religious intolerance; political debauchery of some cities; weaknesses in our governmental structure. Most of these occur locally in certain regions and certain industries and must cause every thinking person to regret and to endeavor. But they are becoming steadily more local. That they are recognized and condemned is a long way on the road to progress.

One of the difficulties in social thought is to find the balance of perspective. A single crime does not mean a criminal community. It is easy to point out undernourished, overworked, uneducated children, children barred from the equality of opportunity that our ideals stand for. It is easy to point out the luxurious petted and spoiled

children with favored opportunity in every community. But if we take the whole thirty-five millions of children of the United States, it would be a gross exaggeration to say that a million of them suffer from any of these injustices. This is indeed a million too many, but it is the thirty-four million that tests the system with the additional touchstone of whether there are forces in motivation which are insistently and carefully working for the amelioration of the one million.

Individualism has been the primary force of American civilization for three centuries. Our very form of government is the product of the individualism of our people, the demand for an equal opportunity, for a fair chance.

The American pioneer is the epic expression of that individualism, and the pioneer spirit is the response to the challenge of opportunity, to the challenge of nature, to the challenge of life, to the call of the frontier. That spirit need never die for lack of something for it to achieve. There will always be a frontier to conquer or to hold as long as men think, plan, and dare. The days of the pioneer are not over. There are continents of human welfare of which we have penetrated only the coastal plain. The great continent of science is as yet explored only on its borders, and it is only the pioneer who will penetrate the frontier in the quest for new worlds to conquer.

The primary safeguard of American individualism is an understanding of it; of faith that it is the most precious possession of American civilization, and a willingness courageously to test every process of national life upon the touchstone of this basic social premise.

Humanity has a long road to perfection, but we of America can make sure progress if we will preserve our individualism, if we will preserve and stimulate the initiative of our people, if we will build up our insistence and safeguards to equality of opportunity, if we will glorify service as a part of our national character. Progress will march if we hold an abiding faith in the intelligence, the initiative, the character, the courage, and the divine touch in the individual.

In referring to Herbert Hoover's book "American Individualism", from which these above quotations are made the New York Times enthusiastically recorded the following tribute to Herbert Hoover as a thinker;

"... this little book deserves to rank, and doubtless will rank, among the few great formulations of American political theory. It bears much the same relation to the problems of the present and the future that the essays of Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and Noah Webster bore to the problems that occupied men's minds when the Constitution was framed."—New York Times.



# In the "Statler-Trained" School of Hoteldom

*The E. M. Statler organization is the sort of monument American business genius is building—More enduring than marble shafts or bronze tablet—Organizations that carry the ideals of inspired leaders the assurance of progress*

IT HAS become an accepted fact that the "Statler Idea" is the most progressive and satisfactory expression of modern hoteldom. A new word has found its way into the vocabulary of hotels. To say that one is "Statler-trained," is to carry the idea of alert and willing service,—an hospitality for which the wayfarer has hungered and now duly appreciates.

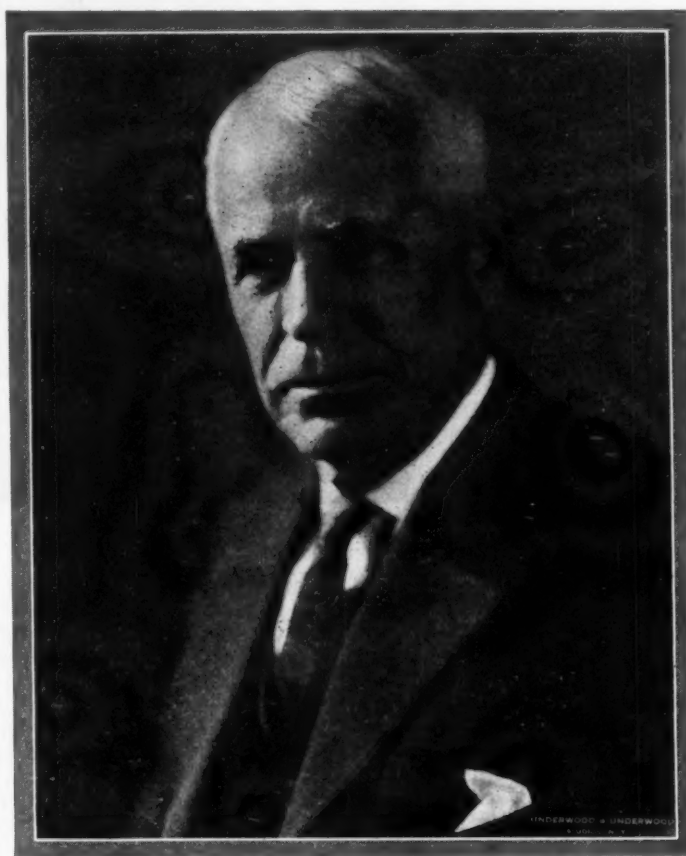
In the building of a ship, a bridge, a road, one looks at the perfected thing and sees the idea back of it, first the vision and then the painstaking steps to completion; so it is with the organization that stands secure and dependable; one looks back at the processes of development.

The impulse is irresistible with me, to begin by turning the leaves backward to the story of a bellboy at the McLure House in Wheeling, Va. While working in a little village not far away, he had thought of the pleasanter task to be found in a hotel. Once a bellboy he began to think of one step a little ahead of that. As he grasped a heavy piece of luggage he evidently thought that it was just one more task, fitting him for another position. He dreamed that some day the travelers would enter the doors as his guests; no doubt he had definite ideas of what he

bellboy may do much toward making a guest feel at ease.

The after-career of the late Ellsworth M. Statler spans the most important era in the development of the American hotel

atmosphere, cordial, comfortable, home-like, for every employee was even then trained to his occupation. The personnel of the house cooperated with the precision of clock work. For he was as particular about



The late E. M. Statler



Frank A. McKowne

meant to do when that time should come, for the thoughts of an alert boy "are long, long thoughts." He began with the thought that he would make the best bellboy possible and soon he would become a clerk. He seemed to know that even a

with its standards recognized the world over. In France, one of the definitions of the word "hotel" is "a stately town residence." It has come about that E. M. Statler has given the world something very akin to that for all that leads to personal consideration, comfort of body and mind and an hospitality toward the individual is to be found in the "stately town residences" that he has erected and maintained in many leading travel center cities of the country.

During the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo I first met the enterprising hotel keeper. His exposition hotel, although a temporary structure located just outside the gates, was largely of burlap walls, but there was about it a definite and indescribable

the service in the lavatory as that of the table. With people coming from all parts of the world, having different tastes and ideas, the conduct of the hotel with all its handicaps of a temporary structure was put to the supreme test and the story of its hospitality was carried forth to serve as a standard.

No less a prominent guest than Grover Cleveland arrived. Instantly the young host slipped away to the kitchen to have placed on that order of ham and eggs a little dainty chow-chow which he knew the former president liked; that was an indication of the unfailing memory of the host,—one of his valuable assets in business.

Since that time half a million people

have had the opportunity of marveling at that happy faculty of the mind that means the basis of courtesy. A most human and vital story has been told of this midland landlord who so early in life evolved, "a hotel has one thing to sell and that is service." From some of the hardships of youth he had learned the value of graciousness but coupled with that he must have possessed a keen intuition and understanding of human nature.

he trained bellboys and every one in his employ with an almost military discipline and yet with such good fellowship that it was a pleasure to obey him. Each one was impressed with the fact that they in turn reflected the personality of the hotel and that every smile and extra courtesy was an investment for themselves as well as for the hotel. More than once he issued a letter to his executives in which he set forth the value of a smile and urged every one

shouldered his own responsibilities.

When I sat in this dining room where he took his hasty meals with an eye all the while for small details about him, I heard the radio of the WJAY station and was impressed with the advance of the world since the Pan-American of Buffalo was built. In the rooms of the seven Statler hotels guests were turning on the radio and marveling at the new invention, for the Statler organization was the first to place radios in the guest rooms,—an innovation that helps to eliminate loneliness and bring to the traveler or stranger the sound of the human voice.

The bellboy was so well trained in that hotel that he first provided light and air,



*Mrs. E. M. Statler*



Every city has had its "leading" hotel. We know those rambling structures standing "over by the post office" in rural villages—generally with a battered sign that tells us it is a "Palace Hotel" or the "American House." We know the small office with oil cloth floor covering, warmed by an "air tight" stove. Twenty years ago some of these houses were regarded as architectural triumphs; within their walls there were often comfort and good food,—always a smiling landlord. In the last twenty years or more these houses have either toppled to decay, degenerated into boarding houses or, more often, have acquired porches and piazzas, improvements within and without, cheery paint and a determined step toward the progress of the times. In improved hotel life one may see much to typify the progress of the country.

Early in his career it was evident E. M. Statler was not a man to follow, but one to lead. With a vision before him he worked for its realization. One might say his steps to success began with a small memo pad which he always carried in his pocket and on which he noted the things that came to his attention or ideas that he wished carried out. Every waking hour—a goodly proportion of the twenty-four—he followed making his notations;

in an official or a managerial position to hire only those whose faces bore the stamp of willing service and smiling good nature. He recruited his managers from the ranks—with army precision, and thus the traditions and character of the hotels under the Statler name are preserved intact in each succeeding hostelry.

Having made a success in Buffalo, Mr. Statler thought of Cleveland for he observed that many of the same tourists and travelers passed from one city to another. The second hotel of the Statler group built was in Cleveland, Ohio. Here he began to work out ideas that had long lain at the back of his mind. He created little cosy corners all along the extended lobby which were prettily upholstered, carpeted or rugged and supplied stationery for the convenience of those who needed a meeting place or agreeable surroundings in which to wait.

The various clubs, advertising or Rotary Clubs soon found that the Statler Hotel was a logical noon-day centre and lunching organizations chose this hostelry, for Mr. Statler not only provided every comfort but became one of their number, and

*Hotel Statler, Detroit, Mich.*

*Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.*



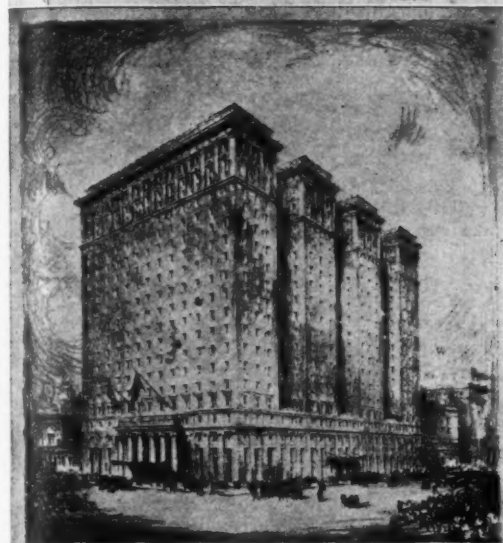
engaged in a modest conversation that had no suggestion of enticing a tip, called attention to the radio and to my amazement called my attention to a volume of "Heart

Throbs" on a nearby table. Being "Statler-trained" he did not allow himself the unnecessary and officious touch that sometimes bothers us; he gave the impression of merely being on the spot with willingness to serve. Looking about I realized that Mr. Statler was the first to introduce the favor of needles, black and white thread and buttons on the dresser in a hotel room. He was the first to make sufficient room under the doors that the (free) morning paper might be inserted and bed-head reading lamps with which to enjoy the accommodation. Opaque

Statler has the atmosphere of the good living of ante bellum days, when the Planters hotel was the centre of travel.

It has been said of traveling Americans that they speak of food before they do of scenery. When asked their opinions of certain resorts they are apt to reply, "Very good,—only I didn't like the food we had."

Possibly these characters impressed Mr. Statler with the fact that good food is an essential in hotel comfort and he went a step farther by adding to this, little novelties that tempt the appetite so that any article on the menu that bore the word "Statler" enticed the diner for he



Hotel Statler, Cleveland, O.  
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York  
Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.



Hotel Statler, Boston

transoms, keyholes above the knobs, and a dozen other matters are original but destined to become universal. That is why I say that this Statler organization has ever been on the market for something new. Nevertheless he invited criticism and challenged the public—in a sense to improve his service.

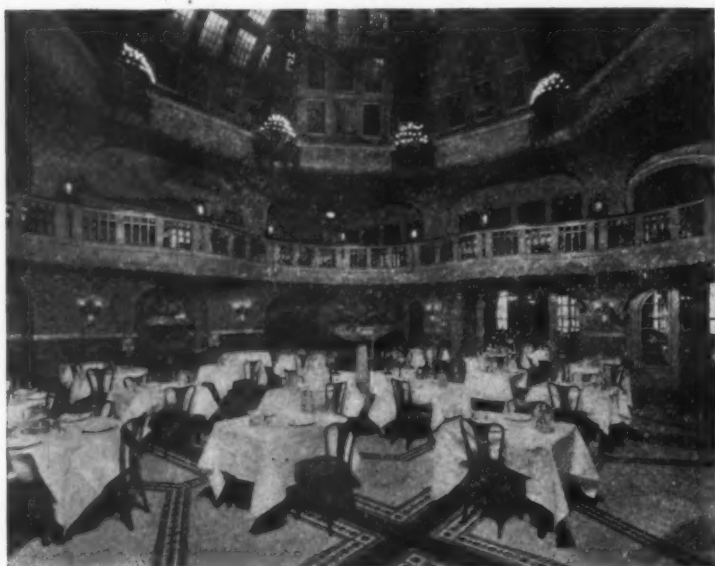
Very early in his career this distinguished landlord learned that any man—whether statesman or private citizen—is reflected in the people with whom he surrounds himself. He selected for his associates men who grasped his ideals and were eager to carry them out. It was not long before a hotel was built in Detroit and one later in St. Louis. This chain of hotels gave the regular travelers the feeling of always being at home—for in whichever city he found himself he had the home feelings. Thousands of traveling men avail themselves of this hospitality.

The Detroit hotel was adapted for the onrush of those associated with the automobile trade, so much that it was jokingly remarked that everything a motorist needed could be found in The Statler,—even to the repairing of a flat tire. The St. Louis

knew something special was prepared,—just as at home something special was always provided for the home-comer.

When it was announced that there was to be a Statler in New York, misgivings were expressed. They believed that Statler might know the midlanders but New York had ways of its own. The Hotel Pennsylvania opened with a greater number of rooms than could be found in any hotel in the world. It was a gigantic undertaking but Mr. Statler did not lack the courage of his convictions. Born in Pennsylvania (in 1863) it was an achievement at his age and a pleasant coincidence that the hotel bore the same name as his birth state. In a short time—indeed from the start—it was proven that no mistake had been made; as usual, success attended the venture and a new note in hotel conduct was permanently sounded.

With the courage of an Alexander, Mr. Statler "marched on to Boston." New England had long prided itself on having the best hotels in the world and it had not been long since the old Colonial Taverns had served honored guests arriving in coaches with armorial bearings. A standard of hospitality, long established was threatened with a rival but again like Alexander he conquered.



Arbor Room, Hotel Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.

The interested onlooker whispered that the location was out of the beaten path of travel, that there were too many hotels and that it all looked very dubious. Mr. Statler had studied the location, with the conclusion that the old Park Square centre was to return. The Statler nigh to the old Boston Common, so redolent of history—and near the beauty spot, the Public Gardens, has a strategic location. It is the newest and, in some ways, the most elaborate hotel in the Statler system. It supplied Boston with what was long needed, an attractive banquet hall for a great convention of two thousand people.

The hotel has its accompaniment of a tremendous office building where the same service prevails as in the hotel. In fact it is a complete community in itself and reflects the Statler idea. From the night that the windows of the hotel suddenly blazed with lights that streamed out as far as the Charles River, the hostelry has made an unparalleled record. There is a metropolitan, cosmopolitan atmosphere about the place for there is the Chinese room, Rose room and little nooks that are furnished in a way to suggest orientalism or the Colonial times. The terraced dining room is not large but sufficiently accommodating and has a coziness that is delivered to the guest without disclosing the source. It may be in the furnishings, in the music or in just the "Statler atmosphere." Innovations are on every hand, new forms of service and even the rendering of the bills is accomplished in a way to remove the touch of commercialism.



Library, Hotel Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.

The entire third floor of this monumental Boston house is given over to the thirteen hundred employees—for it requires an average of one employee for every guest in the thirteen hundred rooms. They have not only rooms, but club quarters and rest parlors—their own restaurant and chef. The old idea of having employees occupy attics or an outside building and serving food left over passed when Statler ideas were launched. They have good food, good rooms and a home in the real sense. In building his latest hotel, the Statler idea is to provide good quarters for good help and then superlative service follows. One of the last epigrammatic memoranda issued to his hotel associates by E. M. Statler is characteristic of the man and can be applied not only for today but for all time to come.

1. *Economical operation always.*
2. *Satisfy all patrons to the limit.*
3. *Become skillful in your duties.*
4. *Select carefully—train thoroughly—old and new employees.*
5. *Check up and follow up constantly.*
6. *Understand our policies, our ideals and objectives.*

E. M. STATLER.

The talks given by E. M. Statler on the phonograph records to his employees are veritable text books. Few employees will ever forget that radio broadcast when his voice was heard with a cheery "Good afternoon folks."



Lobby, Hotel Statler, Boston

One incident, among many with which I became familiar, was that of a Maine man who came to the Statler to rest for two weeks before an operation. He was suffering from heart trouble and his motions necessarily had to be slow. Every elevator boy, bellboy and clerk knew the situation and without the least ostentation little aids and helps were extended that were what one might expect from one's own family. A cheery poise characterised every act of service and the matter was so impressive that the man sent a letter to Mr. Statler expressing not only his amazement but his gratitude for such unusual consideration. I was with Mr. Statler when the letter was received and he read it with tears in his eyes, saying, "we may be old like this some day. I count this one of the real triumphs of my life." Thus it is a very human story is told across the desk of the clerk and on the books of a hotel. The history of the Statler hotels abounds in human interest stories extending from the bridal couple to christening parties and on to the high tide of youth and their social life of weddings, family reunions that come in maturer years.

Never too busy to meet friends, Mr. Statler showed that he understood the true meaning of the word "guest" in the full unmeasured sense of the word. He overlooked no one and was alert to see the value in men as well in details of his work. His supreme passion was to build an organization that would be secure enough to carry on his ideals and keep step with the ad-



vancement of the world, as well as the progressive development of hotel life. He regarded his hotel as an institution rather than as a private enterprise and was as desirous of the approval of his customers as any public man is of the endorsement of his constituents. It was inspiring to see him in conference with his young men, advising, exchanging ideas and speeding up all ideas that were in keeping with the swiftly-moving times—always with one idea in mind,—the comfort, pleasure and delight of his guests.

Another echo that came to me was from remembered kindnesses. One liked to recall that the Buffalo hotel was near the McKinley monument and that Mr. Statler felt that he was building a sort of memorial to the statesman and friend whom he admired. Another liked to express the fact that remembered kindnesses outnumbered the mountains of flowers sent when a beloved man passed behind the veil.

I had my own remembrances,—among them the decision he made to place "Heart Throbs" in every room of his hotel. He said that the book meant much to him and that it did to millions and he wanted the guests to have something more than the creature comforts he was providing. He thought when they turned on the radio and read Heart Throbs they might be moved to write that long delayed letter home.

During the war, the subject of food became almost enshrouded under Herbert Hoover's proclamations. It marked a sharp differentiation between essentials and non-essentials. The people were taught more about the necessity and economy of wholesome food than at any other similar period in the history of the Nation. All during these trying days, Mr. Hoover had no more enthusiastic and effective supporter than E. M. Statler and his organization, all of which attracted general attention to Statler standards of hygienic edibles. The Statler idea has made the dining room an important collateral in their combination for providing the greatest possible amount of happiness and comfort to the wayfaring guest.

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Mrs. E. M. Statler, as a director of the company (she is now chairman of the board) was actively associated with Mr. Statler in the management of the hotel prior to her marriage and her efficiency and good will count for much throughout the whole enterprise. I caught an echo of this when I heard of her visits to the various Statler hotels. Each employee seemed to feel it a privilege to receive her cheery greeting or to serve her in any way. She possesses a delightful manner of placing everyone at ease and all feel a friendliness that is like one great family,—each an important part of the whole.

It was fortunate indeed that the heads of the various departments are men who will preserve the customs, traditions and ideals of the one who gave the inception of the Statler idea. Frank A. McKowne was Mr. Statler's close associate and right hand man for fifteen years and succeeds him as president. A brother, W. J. Stat-

ler of Buffalo continues as vice president. New vice presidents elected are E. C. Green of Buffalo, H. William Klare of Detroit and J. L. Hennessy of New York. C. B. Stoner, general auditor of the organization during thirteen years, is now elected to the secretary-treasurership. New members of the board, of which Mrs. Statler is chairman, are Bradbury F. Cushing, of Boston, Russell M. Keith of Cleveland, C. S. Abell of St. Louis and John Daniels of Buffalo. Louis R. Davidson of Buffalo, Louis Rorimer of Cleveland are continuing members of the board and Mr. Rorimer will continue his duties as decorator and furnisher of all the Statler houses, which he began to do back in 1911.

There would seem to be something prophetic in the way that Mr. Statler "set his house in order." While in perfect health he gave up many of the details of business and devoted his whole time to strengthening his organization and selecting men for work to which they were best suited. He had a keen and intuitive mind for such matters and the result is that his own ideals are in the warp and woof of the business. Without jar nor break the organization continues smoothly secure on its foundation and one is reminded in its activities that "he being dead, yet speaketh."

"We have all we can do," said the president, Mr. McKowne, "in carrying out the quite definite program which Mr. Statler left us and we are all in the heartiest accord with the wisdom of so doing. We but carry on the way he charted for us."

What finer tribute can be paid a man than this,—that his life work has been so fundamentally strong, so safely guarded, so wise and so progressive that it needs only to be followed to bring success and that he has recruited his men for his organization so wisely.

No one who knew Mr. Statler believed that he considered all the details of his organization perfect and without flaw; he did not think that, but he was willing to work unremittingly to make it as nearly so as possible. He strove to keep in step—rather ahead of the step—of the world's advancement. "Other men, other times," said the poet and he realized that the age of invention and investigation is upon us with its accompaniment of speed desire. This new age and its requirements were closely studied but at the same time he knew that there is no higher aim in hotel work than that of service to the public; and the ability to give the public what it desires. This was his talent—a thing for which he had a true genius and which was impressed to his associates.

The interior decorations of the Statler Hotels under the direction of Mr. Rorimer marks a renaissance in this art which is revealed in the stability and richness of all the Statler Hotel interior ornamentations that always please and never seem to pall. Altogether, E. M. Statler seems to have "boxed the compass" of the hotel world and drawn to him in his organization young men whose arrow of ambition, steady vision and reliant energy, points

invariably to the polar star of success, genuinely enthused concerning the particular part which they are playing in the great direction of efficient co-ordination utilizing the talents of men and women who do something that adds to the sum total of human happiness and content.



Hotel Statler, St. Louis

Music in the Statler hotels has maintained a superlative test. Among the dance-orchestra leaders of national and international renown who have radioed Statler orchestral music into wide fame are Lopez, George Olson, and Roger Wolf Kahn. Now Spitalny is entrancing the music lovers who chance to be in Statler as well as the thousands attracted by the luring refrain of the latest and best—classic or jazz—it's good to the last note. A glimpse of the groups gathered at the Statler where folks young and old meet and mingle, write letters and chat reveals a focal point of social contact in the happy hours of leisure.

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Reviewing a life of brilliant attainment and recalling its humble beginnings, one feels that something more than business acumen brought success to E. M. Statler. Integrity, honesty and ability he possessed, but one feels that the gods slipped in some other gifts such as intuitive understanding of life, a universal consciousness that made him a friend to the world at large and a humanitarian faith that in every difficulty told him which path to take. But he so lived and worked that "his deeds will live after him" in an organization which is his real monument, for they feel that E. M. Statler will remain with them in spirit as long as there is something better to look forward to and achieve.

# "Ravinia's" Rare Offerings of Grand Opera

*Each succeeding season reveals a growing popularity of "Ravinia" as the prominent center of Grand Opera in the Midwest—Mr. Louis Eckstein's generous contribution to the musical culture of America*

WHEN Mr. Eckstein issued his initial prospectus in 1928 of the Ravinia opera, in Chicago, there was much in it to stimulate the interest of all those who are devoted to the art of music in its finer phases. The season closed was not only the most brilliant which this opera house has ever enjoyed, but was one of the most brilliant ever given anywhere. Exercising his usual care in selecting artists, Mr. Eckstein brought to Ravinia a galaxy of world stars capable of interpreting the greatest operatic works in superlative manner. The Ravinia roster this year was more extensive than ever before, and the stars whose names adorned it were utilized in a repertoire of such broad scope that the tastes of all opera patrons have been fully satisfied.

In accordance with the season's first announcement, the standard repertoire was given full consideration. Not only were the standard works presented, but they were given with casts of such merit and lavish production that they have been elevated to a plane quite out of the ordinary. In addition to these beloved works, without which no opera season would be complete, there were some interesting revivals and novelties, including one opera which was never heard west of New York before—all of which have added zest to the general program.

The complete list of works produced, together with the number of times each was presented follows: "La Traviata," 1; "Don Pasquale," 1; "The Jewels of the Madonna," 3; "L'Heure Espagnol," 2; "Lucia," 2; "Rigoletto," 1; "The Barber of Seville," 1; "Manon Lescaut," 2; "Carmen," 1; "L'Elisir d'Amore," 2; "Marouf," 4; "Thais," 1; "Fedora," 2; "Tosca," 2; "Le Chemineau," 2; "Fra Diavolo," 3; "Romeo and Juliet," 3; "Martha," 4; "La Juive," 2; "Il Trovatore," 2; "Manon" (Massenet), 3; "Lohengrin," 3; "Andrea Chenier," 3; "The Masked Ball," 2; "Madame Butterfly," 3; "Aida," 4; "Faust," 2; "Samson and Delila," 2; "La Boheme," 3; "The Love of the Three Kings," 2; "Louise," 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 3; "Pagliacci," 4.

It will be seen from this that "Pagliacci," "Aida," "Martha," and "Marouf" hold first place in the number of performances, each having been given four times. But one of the most remarkable things that comes to light in an analysis of the season is that it was

possible to reduce the number of repeat performances to the minimum. With the exception of the operas mentioned above as having been given four times each during the season, there were only nine operas which were given three times, while the majority—fourteen to be exact—were given twice each. Six works were brought to performance only once.

Repeat performances are inevitable in any season of opera, and for several reasons. Working out the schedule in such a manner

had the season been two weeks longer.

"Aida" and "Martha" have both been extremely popular this year and it was possible to effect changes in both of these works which permitted the public to enjoy two distinct interpretations of them as regards some of the important roles.

And Ravinia policy was observed in splendid manner this year as in the past. It is well known that when he selects his artists and schedules his repertoire, Mr. Eckstein gives much attention to providing for cast changes.

It is an established fact that many of the opera roles are so written as to permit of varied interpretation. Opera is only a reflection of the moods and emotions of life, and these vary with different personalities. An opera may often be given an entirely different complexion according to the conception different artists may have of the way its roles should be interpreted.

As an example of the cast changes effected at Ravinia this season it may be pointed out that "Pagliacci" had two tenors—Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Johnson, while both Mme. Rethberg and Miss Mario appeared as Nedda. Radames in "Aida" was interpreted by both Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Johnson. Both Mme. Rethberg and Miss Easton were heard in the name part of

"Madame Butterfly," while Mr. Johnson and Mr. Chamlee appeared as Pinkerton. Mr. Schipa and Mr. Chamlee sang the role of Des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon," while "Andrea Chenier" had Mme. Rethberg and Miss Easton as Maddelaine and Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Johnson in the name part. In "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mme. Easton and Mme. Rethberg appeared as Santuzza, while both Mr. Chamlee and Mr. Tokatyan were heard as Turiddu. Rodolfo in "La Boheme" was sung by Mr. Chamlee and Mr. Tokatyan, while Mr. Chamlee and Mr. Shipa alternated as Lionel in "Martha." The interpretations of both Mme. Rethberg and Mme. Gall were heard in the name part of "Tosca," and both Mme. Gall and Miss Mario appeared as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." There were likewise several changes in the baritone roles, Mr. Danise alternating with Mr. Basiola, while the important bass role of Archibaldo, in "The Love of Three Kings" was sung by both Mr. Rothier and Mr. Lazzari.

When the tentative repertoire was made known last spring and it was found that Henri



*The Opera House in the Woods at Ravinia, near Chicago*

that each artist may be given the number of performances during the season that is stipulated in their contracts, that they shall sing the proper number of times each week, that rehearsals may be arranged without conflict—all of these factors enter into a knotty problem which has been likened to a feat in engineering. Then public demand must be taken into consideration, and, as happened several times this year, when there are a large number of persons unable to procure seats for a first performance, an early repeat of the work is necessary to accommodate the overflow. This often means a complete rearrangement of a schedule which has been made out for a considerable period, and this is something that is far more baffling than the much touted Chinese puzzle. It will be remembered that, owing to circumstances over which no one could exercise any control, "Pagliacci" was unexpectedly presented on the opening night of the season, thus giving it a performance it would not have had otherwise. The tremendous popularity of "Marouf" made four performances of that work imperative, and more could have been given



# James E. Gorman a Real "Rock Islander"

*A railroad president whose liking for the human kind began when he was "Young Jimmie" of the freight yards and whose policies of good cheer and genial comradeship have followed all through his career*

WHEN the special train bearing the candidate for the presidency, Herbert Hoover, sailed in on the side track at West Branch, Iowa,—my boyhood dreams were realized. Remember that this incident occurred on the Rock Island and that Herbert Hoover was born in a town on that railroad and must have had some of the same dreams and ambitions, for his native place was also "on the Rock Island."

Often had I thought how amazing and wonderful it would be for a sleeping car to stop at our village, just as I knew they did at Chicago and Cedar Rapids. Now the longed-for event had taken place at West Branch, bringing to my mind my first vivid conception of a railroad and the possibility that a man born on that line might become the president of the United States.

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In those days the road was known as the B. C. R. & N. which was later absorbed in the Rock Island system. The rails of this line followed the beautiful Cedar River and spanned the state from north to south. In my boyhood the local freight did occasional "switching" in my native town not far from West Branch. My greatest ambition was to climb up into the locomotive with Bill Hardy and shovel coal for Jack Shuman, the fireman, when they were getting out the cars to Elevator "A," where a "blind horse" power elevated the oats. It was my job to keep that horse going, round and round, Old Baldy was faithful even while I was playing hookey and "railroading."

Now comes a bit of history. When the Republic was young there was a conflict between the waterways old as the world itself and used as a means of transportation, and the railroads that were made by man. The railroads were the victors and part of the conflict was waged at a point between Rock Island and Davenport where there still stands a wall of stone grimly

marking the construction of a bridge—the first bridge to be thrown across the Mississippi thus enabling the steel highway to go stretching on across the continent and connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by rail. On July 16, 1853 the first shovel full of



James E. Gorman

earth was upturned to make way for a pier. This bridge was 1582 feet long with its stone piers resting on solid rock bed of the river. This physical make up of the island gave it the name of Rock Island. The railroad was then the route which Abraham Lincoln traveled to Council Bluffs where he made his great prophecy about the West,— "on the banks of the Missouri." This was

also the first railroad to conceive a trans-continental line and thus achieve its name,—Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific,—the Pacific as yet was three thousand miles away.

The first bridge was destroyed by fire when a river boat was passing underneath. Before the legal proceedings one of the officials of the road recalled a young man of Sagamond County, saying, "he is the best man to state a case forcibly and convincingly and has a personality that will appeal to any judge and jury." And so it was decided that Abraham Lincoln should be retained for the road.

Prophetic are the words of Joseph Knox, Esq., who said on the day that the bridge was opened, "All history proved that the great path of commerce is from east to west; from India to Assyria and Egypt; from Egypt to Greece and Rome; from Rome to Spain and England and from England to our free America. It is certainly the duty of all wise men not to retard this westward progress but rather to hasten it, bearing as it does, that blessed trinity, Commerce, Civilization and Christianity."

What a wealth of romance springs to mind at mention of the name of Antoine Le Claire. He was an Indian—his mother the granddaughter of a Pottawattomie Chief, and his father a Canadian Frenchman—master of fourteen Indian languages, educated by the United States Government and spokesman for Black Hawk, who trusted him beyond measure. In name and by ancestry a French Canadian, a fur trader, representative of that race had explored the rivers of the vast Mississippi Valley. And, he was an American pioneer, the founder of the town of Davenport, which he had named for his friend the martyred Colonel Davenport of the "Island." He was the first Postmaster of the City of his originating. As an Indian, he turned the first soil of his ancestors' beloved hunting ground for the passage of the Rock Island Railroad: the first depot in Iowa was that home at Davenport which he had pledged his friend—the great Chief Keokuk—to build for his bride, Mademoiselle Marguerite Le Page, granddaughter of Acoqua, a Sac Chief, and in which they lived for years before the coming of the railroad. This house still stands in Davenport. The first ferry boat to ply the waters of the Mississippi between the two villages was of his creating. The first locomotive that ever turned a wheel in the State of Iowa bore his name.

The railroads again triumphed over natural waterways and steel rails carried commerce westward. Canals and rivers found

a lusty competitor for traffic. The first steps toward speed had been taken and the increased mileage of railroads marked the greatest advance in transportation that has been known since the time of Christ.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the Rock Island observed in 1928 finds James E. Gorman, a Chicago born boy as its president. Few organizations show throughout, from the laborer to the highest executive, more concretely the influence of one man. The president's conception of a railroad organization is a united body and so he has named the entire group the "Rock Island Family."

This is a family that is scattered over eight thousand miles of railroad system but in all the ramifications and throughout all the groups there is that same spirit of good fellowship which flows from the president's office to the last humble position. Among the employees you hear the story of "young Jimmie Gorman" who began as a boy of thirteen to follow his father, who was a railroad man, about the freight yards. In their talks while walking about on Sunday mornings, "Jimmie" learned a great deal about railroads that has been important to his work. He had done a little writing for his father and his penmanship secured him a small clerkship for which he received the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a month. From then on he had the rough and tumble experience of many young lads who have their way to make in the world and whose characters are thereby strengthened by the process. His training in detail and system began with this first "job" on the Burlington Road which was a rival to the Rock Island. In a few years he had won a full fledged clerkship on the Rock Island. Although his rise placed him in the "white collar" class, with a watch that kept time to the fraction of a second, he was not one to watch the clock; if he had a job to do he finished it if he had to work all night—a habit quality that helps a man in later years to think out a knotty problem through to the finish—which became a happy faculty with President Gorman.

While he was concentrating on his job the officials along the line were watching Jimmie who early understood the importance of having a full measure of freight traffic as a primary essential of a successful road. Even then it was in his thoughts that he would start out to know "the whole job of railroading." Soon recognized as an expert in several lines he served for six years as vice president in charge of freight traffic.

In this work he was thoroughly acquainted with every step, handling freight, loading it onto cars and dispatching it to the Operating Department. He was not afraid to take off his coat when the situation called for it; *exact time* was the goal to be reached and a half minute either way was considered "missing it."

When men have asked what qualities this man possessed when, without preparation he was able—hardly more than a boy—to grasp the knowledge of the conduct of a great railroad, the answer is invariably the same,—"grit and good nature." He loved human kind and he studied men as well as his work. That is why he knew how to con-

trol them, for sense of humor and quick Irish wit turned many hard and frictionized situation into a smooth running operation. A liking for people in general and an intuitive understanding of varied temperaments, is part of his make-up today; he has a cheery smile, a boyish twinkle in the eye and above all else he is generous to the man who seeks advice or has a problem to work out. All this is valuable on his executive side, but a broad vision and a knowledge of economic conditions of the country are gifts of his natural mentality.

When on one occasion I saw the conductor approach him and ask for his transportation, he acted the part of a passenger and the conductor, who knew him well, acted the part of a courteous gentleman which pleased Mr. Gorman tremendously.

Whether it is chatting with the section hands, fixing up a time table or entertaining a presidential party, it is "all in the day's work" to James E. Gorman. While he was at West Branch with Herbert Hoover, many of the old-time citizens insisted that it was as great an honor to have the president of the Rock Island road in town as it would have been to have had the president of the United States in their midst. Gorman laughed off the compliments and joined the committee in keeping close watch for the comfort of the party. With a possible president as a passenger on his railroad, he joined in the welcome, eating hot dogs, buying souvenirs and standing in line at the school house with the others and enjoying a holiday along with his work of entertaining a presidential candidate. Every detail was perfected and the Hoover home-coming day program passed into history as an event of world-wide importance. The return of the boy born on the Rock Island to his home as a presidential candidate has now become an event and comparable to the time when Abraham Lincoln was a guest and attorney for the system. The span of time—from Lincoln to Hoover—should be worthily marked in this remarkable age of transportation, for during that time the Rock Island system,—the pioneers in trans-continental railroading—has been having presidential candidates raised along the line, as well as cattle and hogs.

In his opinion or written thought James E. Gorman has always emphasized an idea which he has brought home to his "family"—"Employment on the Rock Island is more than a job," he has inspired the creation of a type of employee known as a "Rock Islander," as he has been constantly exemplifying as well as pointing out that the first railroad work is usually permanent employment. No matter what upheavals may come or whether crops flourish or fail, railroads must remain in operation. The country must be fed and commodities and people transported.

Railroad work creates dependable men, for everything must move on the exact schedule; employees acquire a sort of faith in such a uniform organization and they invariably speak of "our" railroad. In no other industry has there been evidenced more loyalty to a corporation. The officials are usually recruited from the ranks. Those who have started from the bottom and worked their way through are generally

given first consideration and when promoted are likely to have a grasp of their new work. The railroads have a contact with all classes and conditions of American life.

Although ninety per cent of the employees are connected with the operation and maintenance and the physical condition of the railroad, there is an army of others busy with law, finance, accounting, purchasing and personnel. These outside duties cover the entire range of employment and the records show that employees of the railroads remain longer in their vocation than those engaged in other industrial pursuits.

In the policy of the Rock Island, two principles are emphasized and brought to the attention of every individual on the force.

1. "Every employee is entitled to and must be given by his superior the utmost fairness and consideration.

2. "Every patron of the railroad is entitled to and must be given a dollar's worth of courteous, intelligent, prompt and efficient service for every dollar he pays the company."

Coupled with these are other suggestions,—such as "The Rock Island is *Your* Railroad. "When it prospers, you prosper." "Serve to create a friend for the road that will never permit an attack or unjust criticism."

Like a good family, it is loyal to its kin. The Rock Island has cohesion from the fact of its division into nine great departments, each headed by an executive who reports to the president. This explains why James E. Gorman, president of the railroad, is so familiar with all sorts of conditions right "down the line" as well as "on the line" of the Rock Island.

A map of the United States showing the lines of the Rock Island System resembles a spider's web, covering the very heart of the country. These threads of transportation extend from Chicago to Santa Rosa in New Mexico and Denver south to Dallas, Texas and Memphis, Tenn., covering more states than made up the Republic when it was established.

There was a thrill that came when I heard it declared that the "Golden State Limited" is considered one of the best trains to California and the Southwest. This was the fact given me by many prominent men who make frequent trans-continental trips. Of course, it was interesting because it was "on our line" and a compliment to the old home railroad.

Every day fifty thousand passengers ride on Rock Island trains, handled by forty thousand men and women known as the "Rock Island Family" and possibly another fifty thousand freight customers constitute a patron list of over one hundred thousand people.

\* \* \*

On October 2, 1852 the first whistle of the Rock Island was sounded. In the subsequent seventy-six years the whistle has never changed and has blown with the regularity of trade winds, shrieking at the crossings and announcing arrival in Rock Island road cities, towns and villages in fourteen states. During this last three-quarters of a century the country has seen

Continued on page 000



# An Appeal for Your Favorite Animal

*What the publication "Our Dumb Animals" has meant in developing the spirit of kindness and compassion. The love of animals evolves into a more friendly feeling for our human fellows, which is now being emphasized in the progress of human affairs*

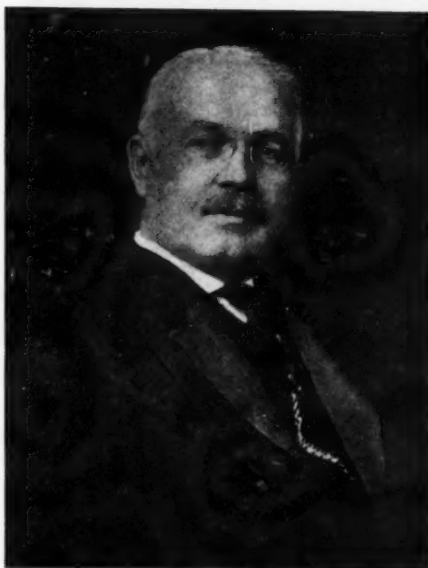
YEAR by year the evidence accumulates which shows how rapidly the world is becoming attuned to kindness. This flowering into friendliness, domestic and international, that has become a dominant feature of public affairs, is especially emphasized in the conduct of the current presidential campaign. Not only Governor Smith and Mr. Herbert Hoover have demonstrated this in their public utterances, but all the candidates down the line have vibrated to the same fine impulse of good fellowship. With public affairs the world over, recognizing more and more the power of good will and friendship, it is interesting to trace the evolution of this growing impulse of humaneness which is reflected in other activities of our lives. Humaneness has become a vital part of education, and in fact, what is inhumane is disappearing from the world.

It is not so long ago that George T. Angell, with the inspiration of a crusader, inaugurated a movement in Boston that has since assumed world wide proportions and had a specific influence upon the trend of human affairs. Out of his great heart came the inception of a great movement. The American Humane Education Society, founded by him as well as the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and which has now become an international organization, he regarded as the supreme achievement of his life. In announcing the purposes of the Humane Education movement, Mr. Angell used these prophetic words:

"The future historian will tell his readers that the most important discovery of the nineteenth century—more important than all discoveries in the art of war, all armor-clad vessels, all guns, fortifications and cannon—more important than all telegraph wires and all the applied powers of steam and electricity—more important than all prisons and penitentiaries—was the discovery of the simple fact that the tap roots of all wars and murders and cruelty and crime could be cut off by simply teaching and leading every child to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make some other human being or dumb creature happier; that on the continent of North America, in the city of Boston, on the 16th day of January, 1889, was organized the first incorporated society in the world—The American Humane Education Society—for the specific object of awakening the world to the importance of this discovery."

This was the time when there were more horses than now to be saved from cruelty and when drinking fountains were quite generally needed along the highways and streets. In fact, it was the awakening and

fostering in the heart of the child of the spirit of justice, fair play, and compassion towards all sentient life. The seed that was sown in those days is bearing rich fruit



Dr. Francis H. Rowley  
President Massachusetts Society Prevention Cruelty to Animals and American Humane Education Society.

in these later times. It cannot be said too often that whatever has been done for animals by humane organizations, vastly more has been done by them for men, women and children. It is this reaction of the spirit of justice and compassion, upon human character, showing itself in conduct and life that is a fundamental thing in humane education.

It was not an officer of a humane organization, but the editor of the Boston Herald who wrote recently concerning humane education, "It seems a far cry from considerations like these to federations of the world, yet international peace begins, if anywhere, in that reverence for life, for individuality, for personality, which has its roots in kindness to animals."

This is a keynote to the undercurrent of interest that is crystallizing concerning those widening influences that have brought

about a happier understanding of human relations. Since 1889 nearly five million children have been organized into Bands of Mercy and more literature has been persistently distributed on this one subject than upon any other phase of ethical or moral development among the children of the nation. The subject has especially appealed to school teachers, extending from the teacher of the village school to the leading educators. Indeed, no other one phase of primary education has been more intensely and consistently followed up with the youth during the past generation and a half.

It was fortunate that during the latter years of his life George T. Angell was able to enlist the enthusiastic interest of a man in the prime of life, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who has carried on the ideals and vision of George T. Angell far beyond the former's most hopeful imaginings. Today there are vacation farms, Kindness to Animal clubs, Jack London Clubs in many lands, and the Angell Animal Hospital; while the headquarters established in Boston has made this a veritable university for the development of humane education.

Visiting this Institution I have found Doctor Rowley year by year growing in enthusiasm concerning the far-reaching results of the work and the institution. Even the horses, cats and dogs there seemed intuitively to look upon it as a shrine of kindness in a degree that would have gratified the most ardent enthusiast of reincarnation.

As many as three thousand and ninety cases in a single month have been treated at the Angell Memorial Hospital of the Mass. S. P. C. A., to say nothing of four hundred and seventy-five operations performed during the same time, the larger



Headquarters of the two Societies and Angell Animal Hospital, Boston, Mass.

number of these cases coming to the free clinic. Vacations for about forty horses are provided during the summer months at the Nevins Rest and Boarding Farm for Horses at Methuen. Here, too, many horses, pensioned by their owners, enjoy their old age with retired fire and mounted police horses.

forced training for performing on the stage. Other Jack London Clubs have since been started in England, Canada, France, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Australia, Scotland, Ireland, New Zealand, South Africa and China.

Thirteen foreign corresponding representatives are in touch with his office, carry-

the measure of a man's or a nation's civilization is not to be found in the splendor of material greatness, but in the response that is made to those voices, come whence they may, that ring in our ears with the appealing cry for justice and kindness.

\* \* \*

On a hot summer afternoon I was with Dr. Rowley when he was leaving for the Society's farm, the place where he enjoys his week end with the grateful denizens of the dumb world. He is particularly fond of horses, and is the happy possessor of a pure-blooded Arab saddle mare, only three generations from the desert. Horseback riding is his one best loved recreation. It is an inspiration to talk with Doctor Rowley concerning his life work and kindred themes. He has received the warm personal endorsement of the presidents of the leading colleges and universities of the country, emphasizing the importance of his Humane Education, and the Society's publication "Our Dumb Animals." Among the first he received was one from Woodrow Wilson, who was then Governor of New Jersey, which was supplemented by letters from President Lowell of Harvard, Faunce of Brown, Harris of the Northwestern University; in fact, most of the state universities throughout the country. A few of these letters indicate the profound and deep-seated appreciation of what this movement means in a psychological way upon the educational life of America. Only a few of these letters can be printed here which reflect the general trend of thought among educators.

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THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
IOWA CITY

The career of Doctor Rowley has become indissolubly associated with humane work among animals. Of fine New England ancestry he was born at Hilton, New York. His father was a physician. He graduated from the University of Rochester in 1875, and the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1878. He held successful pastorates in churches of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois. It was while pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston that he was called to this world wide field and resigned to take up the duties as president of the American Humane Education Society and of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Throughout his life Dr. Rowley has been intensely interested in humane work. He has been identified with the Children's Friend Society of Boston and two of Boston's leading hospitals as director and trustee. An earnest and eloquent advocate of kindness toward every form of life, human or subhuman, he has found great opportunity for the exercise of his philanthropic principles in carrying on the great work inaugurated by his predecessor, George T. Angell. The M. S. P. C. A. is an institution of wide importance with a building and hospital equipment for animals in Boston that is not surpassed anywhere in the world.

When Dr. Rowley secured the passage of the law in the Massachusetts Legislature authorizing the erection of a memorial tablet to the animals in the great war, it was the first time in history, so far as known, that such a memorial was ever erected in a legislation building, national or state.

Dr. Rowley has probably accomplished more in recent years in the extension of kindness to animals than any other one living person. In 1918 he founded the Jack London Club, in which, in this country alone, more than 425,000 members have pledged their influence against that phase of cruelty to animals which consists in a

ing on the educative work in far distant lands, extending from South American countries to Syria, South Africa, Turkey, Japan, and in fact to all parts of the world.

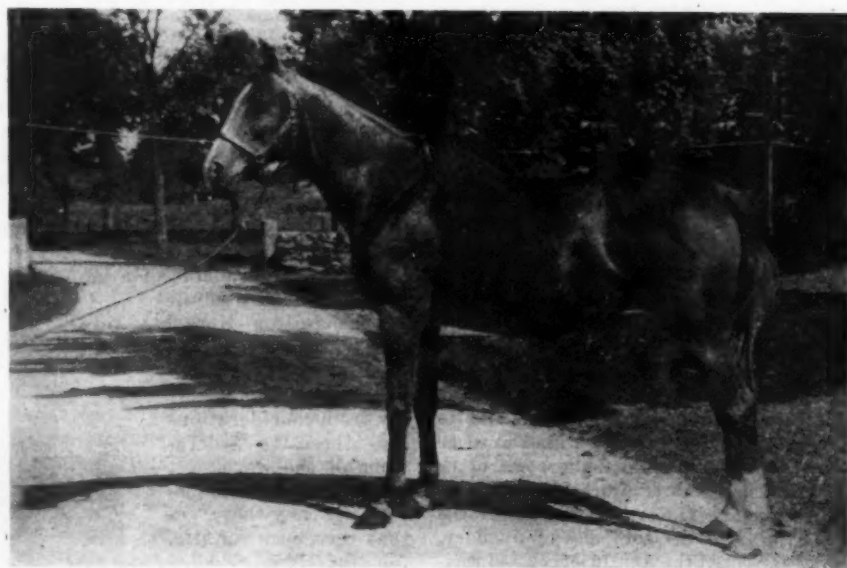
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Leaflets by the hundreds of thousands in various tongues are distributed annually, and that fine old classic, "Black Beauty" continues to be in demand for countries where the horse is still in general use.

Our childhood pets—dogs, cats, birds, every living animal that cannot speak, has a friend in the Court of Public Opinion in



*Dr. Rowley with Rawada and her son Ibn Zaid.*



*Dr. Rowley's Pure-blooded Saddle Mare "Rawada."*

the person of Dr. Rowley, who in his office gave me a parting word:

"Civilization touches its highest level when within the circle of its sympathies all life has come to have its meaning and significance, and I do not hesitate to say that

Dear Sir:—

Responding to your request of December 15, I am happy to commend the work of the American Humane Education Society. Consistent education has been necessary to overcome the natural thoughtlessness and cruelty



of the untutored child and of the unrefined man.

Truly yours,  
GEORGE E. MACLEAN, President.

\* \* \*  
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON  
EUGENE  
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

My dear Sir:—

I endorse most heartily the great work of education which is being done by the American Humane Education Society. Through your courtesy we have received for our library reading table a copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, which has proven of interest to many of our students. I know of no more worthy educational work than that in which your Society is engaged. May it have very great prosperity and success.

Respectfully yours,  
P. L. CAMPBELL, President.

\* \* \*  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
FOUNDED BY JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Dr. Rowley:—

Yours of the 21st inst. received. The question of kindness to the so-called lower forms of animal life is one that has always interested me greatly, and I am sure that the Society through its various agencies will be of great value to the better and finer forms of our civilization. With best wishes, I am,

Cordially yours,  
HARRY PRATT JUDSON, President.

\* \* \*  
GOVERNOR'S MANSION  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

I am no longer a college president, but if the hearty endorsement of the work of the American Humane Education Society by a man who has gone into politics will serve in any degree to support and extend the work of the Society, I hope that you will accept my sincerest assurance of sympathy and support.

Very truly yours,  
WOODROW WILSON.

\* \* \*  
BROWN UNIVERSITY  
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

I am glad to send a line in response to your letter.

The American Humane Education Society is doing sanely, wisely and persistently an indispensable work in this country, both in teaching the young and in enforcing the rights and duties of men and women. It is the ally of our schools and libraries and churches, and should be recognized as such. Its present ef-

able to him and elevating to mankind in general.

The American Humane Education Society founded by Mr. Angell is continuing the work along the same lines as the other Society, and as I understand it, in a large way is seeking to establish the principles of justice, kindness



*Scene at Society's Rest Farm for Horses at Methuen, Mass.*

iciency is a source of gratification to all good men who are acquainted with its work.

Very truly yours,  
W. H. P. FAUNCE, President.

\* \* \*  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr. Rowley:—

The aim of your Society is certainly a good one, and I trust that its success will be proportionate to its merit.

Very truly yours,  
A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, President.

\* \* \*  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA  
MINNEAPOLIS  
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Dear Sir:—

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I have always regarded as a very useful and important organization and the work done by George T. Angell in connection with that Society and the publication of *Our Dumb Animals* is most beneficent and credit-

and humanity. It commands the respect and consideration of every lover of humanity.

Very truly yours,  
CYRUS NORTHROP, President.

\* \* \*  
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
AUSTIN

My dear Sir:—

It gives me pleasure to say that I consider the work of the American Humane Education Society both a large and an important one. Its motto, "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature," should make a broad appeal, and I believe that each year an increasing number applaud the advance of that sentiment.

Very truly yours,  
S. E. MEZES, President.

\* \* \*  
Very few famous characters of history can be pictured without the association of some pet. Loti with his cat, Sir Walter Scott with his dogs, Dumas with his numerous four-footed friends, Dr. Johnson with



*Another scene in one of the broad pastures at the Rest Farm.*



*The Favorite Collie Pets of President and Mrs. Coolidge*

Hodge the cat that loved oysters and annoyed Boswell, and Byron with his five cats, eight dogs and ten horses—these have come down through the years their names forever associated together.

One could not think of Roosevelt without his horse or Harding without his "Laddie Boy," or Coolidge without his collies, or Minnie Maddern Fiske without her dog and those who do not have particular pets of their own are always ready to greet the grateful smiling eyes and wagging tails of a friendly dog with a pat on the head. They still provide us an object lesson of loyalty and true friendship which no human beings have ever surpassed. They are entirely dependent upon human beings for their care and kindly treatment and that is why I cannot conceive of a well-regulated household or a school room being without a copy of *"Our Dumb Animals"* to remind them at least once a month of the mute but companionable pets who are always ready to dissipate those long tragic hours of loneliness that come at one time or another to every human being.

Many men and women prominent in public life today will agree that the early for-

mative years of their life were influenced by the *Youth's Companion* perhaps more than by any other one single publication. The stories and subject matter seemed to inspire a vision and create a thirst for knowledge that no other medium possessed. It seemed to direct and mold the basic purposes of life and the erstwhile editors of this publication have rendered an invaluable service to their country. Coincident with the great power and success of the *Youth's Companion*, the periodical *"Our Dumb Animals"* was established. It has been edited with the same care and primary motives as the *Youth's Companion*, giving the boys and girls a healthful, wholesome view of life, always mellowed with kindness. *"Our Dumb Animals,"* the oldest and most widely circulated humane publication in the world has from the first during its 60 years of history been the organ of the American Humane Education Society and the Mass. S. P. C. A. It is intensely interesting to all who love animals, because it surveys the whole world in that particular realm. Now, where is there an individual who has had a beloved dog, horse, cat, or bird who can look into

the face of his own pet and suddenly realize that he is doing absolutely nothing for the cause which is protecting other pets the world over. When I heard that the publication *"Our Dumb Animals"* is still furnished to subscribers at one dollar per year, I was amazed because it seemed so much for so little money. Then when I learned that this invaluable, virile, and important publication did not have a circulation of at least a million I was still more astonished. Where is there a school teacher that can sit at his or her desk day after day and week after week and not have a copy of this publication in the schoolroom to help them direct what is the most important phase of education? What could help them more in playing an active part in this great movement that is crystallizing into kindness between men and nations? They as well as those of previous generations, have felt the early but effective influence of the teaching of kindness to animals and the elimination of cruelty.

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The paper admirably serves for supplementary reading in the schools, as it is made up of interesting stories which all children love, stories of adventure with dumb animals, stories showing the devotion and loyalty of dogs and the sagacity of even the smallest and weakest of the creatures below us. Every teacher must see the value of placing before her pupils the stories that touch their hearts to further kindness. There are few children who have not some pet and through this magazine they can learn the care and the love which they really owe to the little animals whom they have taken in charge. All of which leads me to the conviction that there is not a school teacher or a lover of animals that reads these lines that will not immediately take from his pocket a lone dollar bill and send in a subscription for *"Our Dumb Animals"* as a meagre contribution to the great cause which it represents for it is a cause to which every living human being as well as every living dumb animal is indebted. It is an influence that has revolutionized the cruel instincts which have been too dominant in the past centuries in the relations of human kind.





# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

## MAUDE HOWE ELLIOTT

*Favors Emerson's "Days" as a favorite poem*

"I committed lines to memory in my early youth that have scourged me into future action when I have repeated them at the end of a wasted day," said Maud Howe Elliott, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, when asked if there were any bits of verse that she cherished like a precious jewel,—which seems to be a confession that the eminent author and lecturer allows herself to suffer many of the interruptions that come to those who do creative work and tempt us so often to dream and not to do.

Modesty was ever a distinguished grace with Boston's literati. A fine example was set by the group of notables at old Concord, with whom that characteristic was ever present. In her attractive home "Lilliput" at Newport, R. I., it is with loving and reminiscent mood that Mrs. Elliott recalls the charming circle that surrounded her illustrious mother, Julia Ward Howe. In that artistic atmosphere she was not content to shine merely by reflected glory, but gathered many laurel leaves of her own. She has lectured extensively in large cities and in 1917 won the Pulitzer prize at Columbia University for the best biography teaching patriotism. While she has written many books, including "San Rosario Ranch," "Philida," "Sun and Shadows," she is perhaps best known by her "Life and Letters of Julia Ward Howe." Her biography of the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was Theodore Roosevelt's favorite poem, is a valuable contribution to literature, aside from being a daughter's worthy tribute.

"One can hardly appreciate," said Mrs. Elliott, "what joy my sister and I, (Laura E. Richards) had in compiling the lovely incident of a full life—especially as it was the life of our mother!"

"Perhaps not occupying first place in my galaxy of verse," she said, "Emerson's 'Days' has certainly been a reminder and an inspiration."

"Daughters of time, the hypocritic days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds  
them all.

I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

The sentiment is salutary and beneficial, but, counting the many worthy achievements of Mrs. Elliott, one can hardly believe that the Solemn Day passed her with scorn for idleness or for her selection in the garden of Time.

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## SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS

*Declares "Home Sweet Home" the Classic Heart Throb*

"Listen and you will hear my Heart Throb" remarked Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge. The U. S. Marine Band was playing a medley of old songs, and he was evidently familiar with the selection, as he had himself played the clarinet in the Sharon (Penn.) silver cornet band. We were facing a throng of thousands of people that had gathered in Washington to welcome the returning doughboys from the Ruhr. Following the crashing chords of triumphal marches a sudden hush passed over the great assemblage as the melody of "Home, Sweet Home" echoed tenderly and sweetly, out of the silence. The refrain was repeated softly and you could almost hear the breathing of thousands, who with misty eyes listened as the mystic chords of memory were touched, bringing before each individual a distinctive picture of his home and mother.

"That's my Heart Throb!" continued "Jim" Davis, the immigrant boy who landed at Castle Garden at the age of seven and a half, and became a member of the President's Cabinet forty years later. When we returned to his office, he closed the door and sang in a clear tenor voice the entire song of "Home, Sweet Home" without missing a word.

"That song to me is a great poem, and has been the inspiration of my life. My mother taught me the words to sing at a Sunday School concert the same year that we arrived in America,—and she never heard me sing it without tears in her eyes and a thought of the old home in Wales. When I made my first campaign for political office in Indiana my opponents charged me with being an ignorant immigrant and an interloping foreigner seeking public office. At a political meeting which I addressed one night on behalf of my party and my own candidacy, I used a blackboard to prove that I could write, read and figure. Then I told them of my home in Pennsylvania where we first settled, telling them frankly the story of my life. After the description of the old home I sang "Home, Sweet Home."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us  
there,  
Which seek through the world in ne'er met  
with elsewhere.

Home, sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's  
smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and be-  
guile;  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to  
roam,  
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of  
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no  
place like home,  
There's no place like home.

"Not a day passes that I do not find myself repeating the words of the matchless poem as a sort of a prayer. The sentiment that clusters about this poem has an ever-recurring wholesome inspiration that to me surpasses any other words that have ever been written by a poet.

\* \* \*

## DEWOLF HOPPER

*Recites "Casey" and while denying Repeats a Favorite Verse*

So much is said about actors it is sometimes refreshing to hear what they say about themselves. When I asked DeWolf Hopper what he considered his favorite poem—one that had touched his heart, his amusement could not be interpreted as anything so broad as laughter. It was something more than a good-natured shrug at anything like a "Heart Throb." In his droll, unforgettable voice he continued, "I have been mercifully spared—but let me see—let's be honest."

This agreeable jester, creator of fascinating tom-foolery, and singer of songs, at first denied sentiment, but somehow his human companionships, his deep-hearted friendships and his whole personality refuted the words. His tall, easy-moving figure and his droll way have made him a welcome addition to any group, and whatever his other successes—and they are many—one recalls his frequent recitation of "Casey at the Bat," for he has repeated it five thousand times, and who can ever forget the thrill of the closing verse:

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun  
is shining bright:  
The band is playing somewhere, and some-  
where hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

The comedian was born in New York in 1858 and his real career began when he played in "Our Boys" and "Hazel Kirke"—great favorites of that time. Since then he has become one of the best known figures in light opera and has recently been at the head of his own company in a revival of the old favorites of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Making his contribution to the company of "Heart Throbs"—still denying his right to be present—Mr. Hopper said that this short verse remained in his memory.

"He sipped the nectar from her lips,  
As 'neath the moon they sat,  
And wondered if ever a man before  
Had drunk from a mug like that."

A rebel in literature, perhaps? We surmise that he wishes to make his revolt to sentiment, to which we might make reply, in Shakespearian fashion,—*"Methinks thou dost protest too much."*

\* \* \*

COL. EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE  
*President Wilson's Advisor Names Kipling's "L'Envoi"*

They called him the silent member of President Wilson's cabinet during the war and during those darkest days in Europe. I had heard him repeat often Kipling's lines, "But each for the joy of working." This line from "L'Envoi" seemed in a subtle way to always remind one of Edward M. House, who later told me that the poem was one he admired. Although he retired from business, Col. House always found joy in doing things for others. Coming from the stirring political activities of Texas, he became a prominent figure in the political life of the Capitol, but was never an aspirant for public office. His advice and counsel was sought on many questions of importance, but he has never been a seeker of preferment. A staunch friend was this man who acted as Woodrow Wilson's personal representative to European governments, where he gathered important data necessary for the Peace Conference.

As special representative of the United States government at the Inter-Allied Conference of Premiers and Foreign Ministers held in Paris 1917, at Versailles in the same year, acting for the United States with the Central Powers, and member of Commissions of vast importance, Colonel House has had wide opportunities and colorful experiences which in scope are wider than many of those who hold political office. With his fund of firsthand information from which to draw, his books are valued records of one of the most stirring periods in modern history. "What Really Happened in Paris" is a well-balanced account, offered in a straightforward way.

"Yes, I am very fond of Gray's 'Elegy' as well as Kipling's 'L'Envoi,'" he told me in his quiet way. "Each one evokes a different mood; I particularly like the sec-

ond stanza of 'L'Envoi,' which I recall reads this way:

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest,—and faith, we shall need it—  
lie down for an eon or two,  
'Til the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.  
And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of working and each on his separate star  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the good of Things as They Are.

Those who have known Mr. House personally are able to discover meanings below the surface of this poem which seem to coincide with his eventful career—far removed as it may have been from the spotlight of the pitiless publicity that beats upon the head of a president and those surrounding him.

\* \* \*

KATE UPSON CLARK  
*Discovers a Poetic Gem in George Meredith's Lines*

One source of youth—if not the bubbling fountain—lies in work. Full days seem to baffle the onslaught of years. This came to mind when Kate Upson Clark said, "I have been lecturing for fifteen years, now I am taking the time to write a book, but first I must prepare an essay for the New York Browning Society,—with George Meredith."

Ever enthusiastic Mrs. Clark! It is refreshing to find one who has been so active, still so sensitive to cultural things, and keeping a passion for beauty—for it was revealed that George Meredith's "Love in the Valley" was one of her favorites. She was committing the entire poem to memory—not an easy task, with its involved meanings and unusual phrasing.

"I have so many favorites," said Mrs. Clark, with that charmingly interested way, "I can hardly tell you about them without filling the volume—a few verses move me so deeply! I can hardly read Jean Ingelow's "High Tide" without going quite to pieces!"

Lecturer, editor, columnist, poet, and teacher are a few occupations that have kept Mrs. Clark young. She was born in Camden, Ala., in 1851, and quite early for those days graduated from Wheaton, with Litt. D. attached to her name. She also graduated from the normal school of Westfield and has been a high school teacher. In Milwaukee she married Edward Perkins Clark, the journalist, and became the mother of three, but having experienced the most sacred things in life, she still had the "fire of the heart" that gives valuable work to the world. She finds time for her youthful public and has written many stories and verse for *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and the *Youth's Companion*. Her poems, "The Last Comma," and "Charlie's Story," were widely copied.

The verses she quoted are indicative of the beauty of Meredith's conception:

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers  
Low over dim fields, fresh with bloomy dew  
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,  
Threading it with color like the yew berries,  
the yew,  
Thicker crowds the shades of the grave East,  
deepens  
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.  
Maiden still, the morn is, and secret  
Strange her eyes, her cheeks cold as cold sea shells.

"I call this poem, in its entirety, one of the three great love poems of the age," said Mrs. Clark, which remark reveals her sense of loveliness. Again I am impressed with the fact that love of the beautiful and love of work make one thrice blessed and "twice young."

\* \* \*

JAMES WRIGHT BROWN  
*The Editor of the "Editor and Publisher" Seizes "Opportunity"*

High up in his eerie office in the Times Square building, James Wright Brown was opening his mail and found the Heart Throb quest timed with my arrival. He proceeded without delay. "My young manhood was influenced by the poem 'Opportunity' by John J. Ingalls," replied the popular editor and publisher for editors and publishers. "For maturer manhood," he continued, "the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians (look it up—it will pay you) has served as a rudder in turbulent times; while Edmund Burke's little maxim has that something that has been a controlling influence on my life. "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall, but for God's sake let us pass on!"

In the great race of life this sterling editor for editors has kept passing right on—running true to his charts. He has advanced through one after another of important editorial positions, having been connected with the *Chicago Journal*, the *Louisville Ky., Herald*, and now the publisher of *The Editor and Publisher*, one of the periodicals that all newspaper editors read and one that all editors look upon as a true exponent of the craft.

"Many unusual qualities unite to bring success, but the poem 'Opportunity' has been to me a clarion call; it has a depth and meaning which we can take to our hearts."

As manager of the World Press Congress, held at Geneva, Switzerland, Hawaii, and other quarters of the globe, as well as the United States, James W. Brown seized an opportunity that has done much toward establishing good will and friendly acquaintance among members of the Fourth Estate who have a potent influence in shaping the political affairs of nations. How I wished that the author of the poem, the late Senator John J. Ingalls, could have seen James Wright Brown stand in the center of his long office—after closing the windows to keep



out as far as possible all disturbing noise while he spoke—the following inspiring lines:

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait;  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,  
I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise;  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire; and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;  
I answer not and I return no more.

\* \* \*

#### DR. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

*Chooses Bryant's "To a Water-Fowl"*

In the classic shades of Cambridge redolent with memories of New England poets, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot commented on his favorite poem. "There is a statement of simple religious trust to be found in William Cullen Bryant's poem 'To a Water-Fowl'—a sentiment that stays with me and seems significant."

Many of the lovers of Bryant's poetry have chosen this instead of Thanatopsis. It may be a first introduction to those who admire Bryant for such outstanding work as his translation of the Iliad, said to be the best ever attempted.

Dr. Samuel Eliot was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1862 and was naturally a "Harvard man" as his father, the late Charles W. Eliot, was President of the college for more than a generation. The son entered the Unitarian ministry in 1889 and occupied pulpits in Colorado, Brooklyn, and many large cities, but his efforts in the last few years have been directed towards the affairs of the American Unitarian Association of which he is president.

Following in the footsteps of Channing Dr. Eliot was called to the Arlington Street Church of Boston—a society that represents so much of Puritan culture and tradition.

Some time ago Dr. Eliot was asked to join a symposium discussing economic and labor matters. He said:

"A minister cannot compete with politicians, economics and financiers; his function is to keep alive the fires of faith, hope and love; he can, when confronted with industrial disputes, show that the first necessity is justice."

The real message of the "Water-Fowl" is contained in these few lines he quoted:

"Whither, midst falling dew  
While glow the heavens with the last steps  
of day  
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?"

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight, to do thee  
wrong.  
As darkly painted on the crimson sky.  
Thy figure floats along.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of Heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my  
heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight.  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

\* \* \*

#### MARGARET WIDDEMER

*Makes a Prize-Winning Poet's Confession*

In chatting with Margaret Widdemer about poetry she answers with disarming lightness. "The poet," she says, "as a matter of fact is a heartless brute, who, on finding an artless emotion running about loose in his ego, promptly catches it, ties it up in as natural and unconscious an attitude as possible and photographs it in several positions. As for the emotion after it is released—cut down, so to speak—it may do as it pleases. The poet's interest is over."

Surely this frank confession of a poet does not establish her upon a pinnacle, nor can she be accused of that fierce conceit that marks a limited or demure talent. Plainly she has arrived on the plane where she beholds the god of things as they are. Our own Whittier said, "It is not of myself,—it comes from something outer—and flows through me." Verily great poets recognize the spirit of humility.

Eager to know how this talented woman—with such a long list of literary successes all ready for charming "Memoirs"—would reply to my question, I ventured the query rather shyly, "What verse has been cherished—what heart throb have you experienced from the written line?"

Miss Widdemer promptly replied: "The first poem that comes to my mind is Walter de la Mare's 'Listeners.'"

Is there anybody there? said the traveler,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the  
grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor;  
And he smote upon the door again a second  
time,  
Is there anybody there? he said.

But no one descended to the Traveler;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,  
Where he stood, perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men.

"Turning from the fanciful," said Miss Widdemer, "there is a stray verse that has amused me and often served as a guide-post:

The centipede was happy quite  
Until the toad for fun  
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"  
This wrought him up to such a pitch  
He lay distracted in the ditch,  
Considering how to run.

Even the wisest sages have said that it is not safe to say to one's ego, "See, we are doing this all by ourselves."

Margaret Widdemer was born in Doylestown, Pa., and began to write while a mere child. Her first published poem, "Factories," was widely copied. Essays, stories, verse and reviews soon followed. In 1919 she shared with Carl Sanborg the honor of winning the Pulitzer prize for the best book of verse, "Old Road to Paradise." She is the author of "The Rose Garden Husband," "The Wishing Ring Man," "The Year of Delight," and innumerable other charming compositions. Her wit flashes out in this parting and cheering remark, "Women who write tragic love poems have the unfeigned gaiety of girls, and male poets in their forties look—except for their black-rimmed glasses—like mere lads."

\* \* \*

#### DIRECTOR GEORGE W. CHADWICK

*Of the New England Conservatory of Music  
Hails a "Heart Throb" in Aldrich's Lines*

When George Whitefield Chadwick, conductor and eminent American composer, hailed lines in the "Flight of the Goddess" as expressing heart sentiment, I listened intently.

"Although I own the verse

"A man should live in a garret aloof  
And have few friends and go poorly clad,

to be one of my cherished favorites and that the goddess of creative power often deserts the man of ease, there might be little incentive to harbor her hospitality. The attic poet has often in the past given us his masterpieces and his lesser work after fame has been attained, but the ambitions of today look for recognition and adequate recompense to keep up the pace of the times."

There is always the exception to the rule, for Dr. Chadwick has not been deserted by his creative genius in the days of success and despite the fact that he has achieved, he continues to remain an outstanding figure in American musical circles. When great commercial cities have outstripped the more leisurely progress of "The Hub," none have denied her the glory of association with the Muse. Dr. Chadwick has done much toward moulding the trend of America and in developing the talent of composers and artists.

Professor Chadwick is a native of Lowell, where Whistler was born. Aside from his long activities as director of the New England Conservatory of Music, he has promoted movements toward a higher musical culture and written five overtures, "Rip Van Winkle," "Thalia," "Melpomene," "Adonais," and "Euterpe," all of which reveals his grasp of the rules of harmony. Three symphonies, the opera "Judith," various choral works, orchestral selections, songs, quartettes and compositions for stringed instruments have left their stamp of value for future students. At the dedication of the Chicago Exposition Professor Chadwick was selected as the man most capable of writing the music for the Ode.

As a prominent figure among American composers Dr. Chadwick, honored by Yale and Tufts, has not dwelt "in a garret

aloof," but has given of himself freely to the building up of the divine art. In all this we glimpse the meanings in "The Flight of the Goddess":

A man should live in a garret aloof  
And have few friends and go poorly clad,  
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof  
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old when I walked on a rugged way,  
And gave much work for but little bread,  
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,  
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

Wretched enough was I, sometimes  
Pinched and harassed with vain desires,  
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes  
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song,  
Music haunted my dreams by day;  
Now I listen and wait and long,  
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell  
Suddenly I had friends in crowds,  
I bade the housetops a long farewell;  
"Goodbye," I cried to the stars and clouds.

And then the poet draws the picture of ease and content, but the Goddess, dissatisfied with luxury, had deserted him:

Flown and I fear she will never return;  
I am much too sleek and happy for her  
Whose loves must hunger and waste and burn  
Ere the beautiful heathen's heart will stir.

I swear I will get me a garret again  
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,  
And lure the Goddess by vigil and pain  
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

#### U. S. SENATOR T. J. WALSH

*The Montana Senator Selects Grey's "Elegy"*

Editorial work has brought me into direct contact with many men in public life whose days were crowded with routine work and whose lightly expressed opinions were apt to be quoted and given too great importance. In the quest of seeking the favorite verse of these men, I was delighted to find how many retained sentiment as an essential in life. Ask a man for his favorite poem and in nine cases out of ten, his eyes would soften and he would grow confidential as he admitted that this or that verse had influenced his whole life.

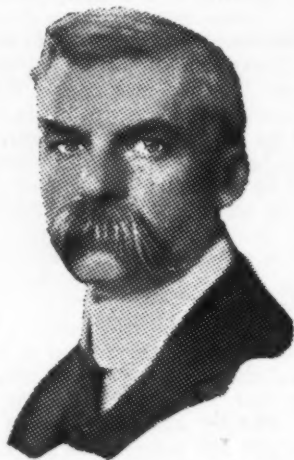
Senator T. J. Walsh is a popular, hard-working Senator who likes to recall the choice and moving lines of Grey's Elegy. Perhaps it is the democratic spirit of the lines,—the recognition of what is fine in lowly men. Maurice Maeterlinck wrote of "The Treasures of the Humble," and made an entire book of the same spirit as Grey's theme.

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, was the scene of Senator Walsh's birth in 1859. After graduating from the University of that state he taught school and was for some time the principal of a High School. Attracted by the study of law he rose in that profession and began practice in Helena, Montana.

Through advancement politically the

brilliant lawyer came to the Senate in Washington. As early as 1908 he was sent as a Delegate at Large to the Democratic National Convention and presided at the National Convention in 1924. In 1928 he appeared at Houston, Texas, as an active leader in his party.

He could not resist stroking his mustache reflectively as he repeated the lines of the Elegy which have been chosen by a large number as a real Heart Throb, reflecting a sympathetic and tolerant soul.



U. S. Senator Thomas J. Walsh

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire  
Hands that the rod of empire might have  
swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble  
strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

#### DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

*The beloved Author recalls how he was touched by a deep well of sentiment in "A Mother's Dream"*

"Anyone who has lost a dear child must feel the simple beauty of the lines 'Mater Dolorosa' by William Barnes. This Mother's Dream impressed me deeply thirty years ago and touches a deep well of rich sentiment."

The beloved Dr. Henry Van Dyke was speaking, replying to my query, to tell me of some lines that had an especial meaning for him. Coming from one who has given so many poetic thoughts to the world, the answer was to me most significant.

From "Avalon" in Princeton, Dr. Van Dyke has penned many messages that have comforted and inspired thousands. Over the business man's desk, in the machine shop, framed in the library, gracing the guest room, and above all carried in the handbag or vest pocket, you find his senti-

ments cherished and re-read as something to live by. His bits of philosophy are so clean-cut they naturally take the permanent form of "mottos."

This charming personage—forever young—was born in Germantown in 1852. The son of a clergyman, he was brought up in an atmosphere that prepared him for his life work. Princeton, the Polytech of Brooklyn, the Theological School, Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania have all done something toward influencing his work or have awarded him degrees.

After a pastorate at Newport, R. I., he came to the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York and a Professorship at Princeton. It would be a pleasure to quote here poems by Dr. Van Dyke, but he has given us this gem for the Heart Throb collection.

I'd a dream tonight  
As I fell asleep  
O, the touching sight  
Makes me still to weep.  
Of my little lad  
Gone to leave me sad  
Ay, the child I had  
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high  
I my child did seek  
There in train came by  
Children fair and meek.  
Each in lily white  
With a lamp alight  
Each was clear to sight  
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,  
Came my child in turn  
But the lamp he had,  
O, it did not burn.  
He, to clear my doubt  
Said,—half turned about,  
"Your tears put it out,  
Mother, never mourn."

#### J. BERTRAM LIPPINCOTT

*The publisher joins the popular call for Pope's Essay on Man as the Favorite Heart Throb*

"Two poems stand out as superior to any I have remembered," said J. Bertram Lippincott the publisher. "Pope's Essay on Man comes before either as a composition of tremendous insight and value, then, Grey's Elegy and 'The Psalm of Life.'"

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke  
How jocund did they drive their team afield  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy  
stroke."

Such lines call up a picture of youthful strength that must appeal to all readers and the Elegy has many such. It presents more varied forms of sentiment than almost any poem written,—joy, sorrow, sympathy, democracy and hope,—but most of all it pictures the beauty of a quiet evening and the reflected thoughts that are evoked with "all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" has its beautiful message of Christian hope and resignation. Especially is the inspiring



call to be "up and doing with a heart for any fate," a moral to live by.

Mr. Lippincott's name has been associated with the publishing business since 1876. He was born in Huntington Valley, Pa., in 1857 and graduated from the Episcopal Academy and Philadelphia University. It might be said of him that where publishing conferences or literary gatherings were held "there would he be in their midst."

Massachusetts has had its Concord poets and philosophers, its Atlantic Monthly, editors and authors, but the name of Lippincott outdates many of the old school and has, and will remain shining when so many others have dropped in to oblivion. Mr. Lippincott sees beauty in the lines,—

Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labor and to wait.

\* \* \*

#### PRESIDENT HARAHAH OF THE C. & O. RAILWAY

*A Railroad President that routes his Throb  
to Thanatopsis*

"Somewhat somber is Thanatopsis," said W. J. Harahan, prominent railroad official, "but on deeper thought it has a more cheerful spirit. Anyway,—it is my favorite."

Thoughts of "The last bitter hour" must come to every man but no man has been engaged in more constructive work—work that makes for permanence in the upbuilding of the country, than President Harahan. Born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1867, he began his life career in railroads and transportation at an early age, which has brought him to the positions of General Manager and Vice President, now acting as President of the Chesapeake & Ohio. With foresight he realized that cheap, rapid and efficient transportation in modern life makes for the development of the masses. Successful farming depends upon it.

Very important was his appointment as member of the United States Railroad Board of Adjustment. Through a critical period he worked earnestly to help adjust matters that concerned the great labor question and involved every railroad in the country—directly or indirectly.

When I asked for his favorite poem and he gave me "Thanatopsis," I realized that railroad presidents hold closely to sentiment and often possess a fine literary discrimination, endorsed in Mr. Harahan's selection.

"As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth, in life's green spring, and he, who  
goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and  
maid,  
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles  
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side

By those who in turn shall follow them.  
So live that when thy summons comes, to  
join  
The innumerable caravan that moves,  
To the pale realms of shade where each shall  
take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and  
soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

\* \* \*

#### BARRON COLLIER

*The Street Car Advertising Magnate harks  
back to Gray's "Elegy" as a real Heart Throb.*

When the world-famed Tamiami Trail was completed, tributes to Barron Collier as a constructive genius were printed far and wide. Collier County, Florida named for him contains an empire of Everglades opened for settlement by the Trail.

To busy men there is no time nor space in friendships. Out of a day crowded to the brim and running over with detail, perplexities and tedious listening to the machinery and complexities of business, there comes the letter of a warm-hearted friend—one who remembers. Years are bridged instantly. It may be only a brief epistolary "wig-wagging" as the "ships pass in the night" but it is exhilarating for days to come. Such has been my contact with old friends like Barron Collier since I began to collect favorite poems from the great army of prominent people. A more occupied, though unfurried, man than Barron Collier could not be found all along the coast from New York to Florida.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1873 is another fact, and compelling in interest also is the fact that he began his business career in the advertising field, entered the brokerage business in his native city of Memphis and came to New York in 1900 to become President of the firm bearing his name and conducting Street Railway advertising. With all these multifarious activities he found time to become the Vice President of the Boy Scouts Foundation of Greater New York.

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's  
blood.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
fined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of ille  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

The genial personality and the personification of vital energy are hardly reflected in Barron Collier's choice of poetic beauty. Like a great many others of ceaseless activities he cherishes Gray's Elegy. There is much brotherhood in the lines.

#### HERMAN DUDLEY MURPHY

*The artist inclines toward Kipling and  
Whistler for his favorites*

When I asked H. Dudley Murphy to name some bit of verse that he felt held deep meanings and an understanding of life and influenced his work, he gave me two prose selections! They both held a poetic idea, for he promptly replied "In the 'Miracle of Puran Bhagat' by Kipling and Whistler's 'Ten o'clock' I find the deepest sentiment if one but goes deep to find it."

The poem quoted by Mr. Murphy is strong and virile as its title and if it does not seem the natural choice of an artist, one must remember that mind reached out in all directions. Note the rugged beauty of the lines in his choice of lines from MacAndrew's Hymn by Kipling.

Lord, thou hast made the world below the shadow  
of a dream  
And taught, by time, I tak' it so, exceptin'  
only steam;  
From coupler flange to spindle guide I see the  
Hand o' God  
Predestination is the stride of yon connectin'  
rod.

\* \* \*

I cannot get my sleep tonight, old bones are  
hard to please  
I'll stand the middle watch up here, alone  
wi' God and these;  
My engines after ninety days o' race and  
rack and strain  
Through all the seas of all the world, slam-  
bangin' home again.

\* \* \*

Romance! Those first class passengers like it  
very well  
Printed and bound in little books, but why  
don't the poets tell?  
I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the  
loves and doves they dream  
Lord, send a man like Bobby Burns to sing  
the song o' steam!

A well-known figure in Boston Art circles, where his rather imposing tall stature brings his tawny head above the crowd, Mr. Murphy's birthplace is recorded as Marlboro, Mass., and the date is 1867. Attending Chauncey Hall at an early age he graduated with the fixed purpose of becoming an artist. After his course was finished at the Museum of Fine Arts he entered the Academy Julien of Paris, and became a pupil of Paul Laurens and Benj. Constant. He has exhibited in Paris Salons and is a member of the faculty of architecture at Harvard University, while his pictures have been placed in permanent collections of the Albright Gallery of Buffalo, the Art Institute of Chicago, Cleveland Museum and Gallery in Nashville.

At his beautiful home in Lexington, Mass., his wife, who was Nelly L. (Little-hale) Umbstaetter,—presides with grace and Mrs. Murphy is now considered one of the best known water colorists of floral subjects. For several winters the artist life companions lived in Porto Rico and brought back delightful reproductions of the brilliant flowers and landscapes of that land of luring tropics.

# Ten Dollars and Far Afield From Broadway

*Something about the historic places reached within a few hours journey from the heart of the metropolis to the hub of the Mid West over one railroad*

COME with me on the magic carpet of of, say, a Pullman of the New York Central, and let us make a pilgrimage back through the years as we speed along over the rails of the historic water-level highway from East to West.

From the isle of Manhattan the rails follow the Albany Post Road and right about to the Iroquois Trail to Buffalo. The central section of this trip is the Old Mohawk Turnpike, where dwelt the Mohawks (man eaters), those red men of the stone age who held the pass between the Adirondacks and the Catskills.

"Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides," where once the camp-fires of the Iroquois flamed bloody in the night, and eight hundred Valley farmers, clad in homespun, fought one of the most decisive battles of the Revolution.

We begin to dip right into the middle of the historic book and find that here was born the lanky and bewhiskered prototype of "Uncle Sam"; here "Yankee Doodle" was composed; here lived a real "Hiawatha"; here Poe wrote "Annabel Lee," and at the General Herkimer Homestead, built in 1764, hangs "The Old Oaken Bucket." Here our country's original official battle flag was designed, made and first unfurled—to name but a few of the shades of the Past that may be invoked by anyone with a week-end to divide between the stop-overs of a round trip railway ticket.

Where the Mohawk flows through the mountains, scene of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," of Irving's "Sketch Book," of the novels of E. P. Roe, and John Burroughs' nature notes, once rose the Upper Castle of the Mohawks. It was the village of the Bear Clan, built after the French-Canadian raid of 1693. Most of these Indians joined the British forces against the Colonists in that combat year of 1775, when the first shot was fired at Lexington.

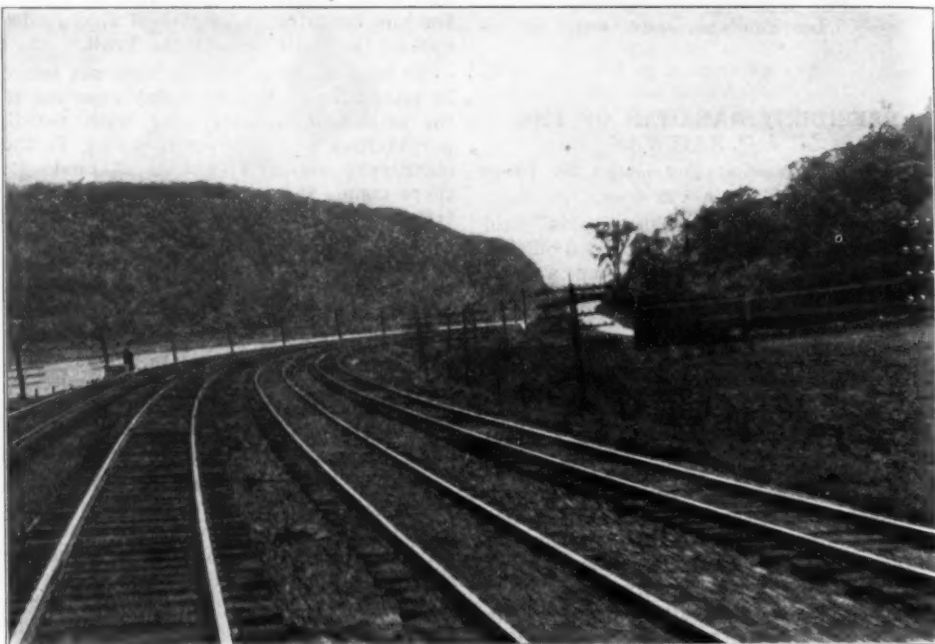
During the campaign by the British-Troy-Hession-Indian army which General Burgoyne directed from Canada against the Hudson Valley, the plan was to swoop down to New York, capture that vantage point, and divide the Colonial forces. Had that plan succeeded, America might never have become a nation, for the foiling of that plan took place at the Battle of Oriskany, near Fort Stanwix at Rome, New York.

At that time, 1777, the fort was known as Fort Schuyler. General Gansevoort was there under siege, and General Nicholas Herkimer, sending riders by night to summon the Valley farmers with the frantic call "To arms! To arms!" rode through the forest, the morning of August fifth, at the head of a line of but eight hundred un-

trained men, to the relief of the fort. General Herkimer was a sturdy man still in his forties, and he had prayed fervently before their start on that humid, hot morning. Believing that there might be a fighting chance if both he and General Gansevoort started their attack in unison, he sent three scouts forward to ask that the besieged fire

the dying horse and set it under a tree. Here the General winchingly seated himself, drawing vigorous long puffs at his pipe to still his agony, and with the sweat cold on his forehead, directed his brigade. "I will face the enemy," he quietly insisted.

An hour passed. The foe was closing in on them. His men gathered about in a



*A View Along the Famous Four Track Railroad*

the signal. So impatient were his men, white-hot to level their muskets at Joseph Brant and his tribesmen, that the General had to give the order, the morning of the day following, that sent them forward. Pell-mell, into a marshy, curving ravine raced the outraged frontiersmen. Straight into an ambush! "Zzzz! Zzzz!"—a volley of musketry began. The bloodthirsty red men yelled in a way to make all scalps prickle. Smoke filled the woods, and hung chokingly on the sultry air. Men fell, groaning in their last agony.

"To the trees!" General Herkimer was about to shout, when he saw that his men were already barricading themselves behind the great trunks. Two by two, they sought shelter, that one might fend off the savages while the other re-loaded.

The General was shot through the leg, his horse fell beneath him, and for a moment his men were in confusion. Then the General called to the doctor to bind up his wound while three men took the saddle from

circle, those who had not fallen. Suddenly a detachment of the Royal Greens with Butler's Rangers tried to break their line by a sudden bayonet charge, and old Valley neighbors met to stab one another in hand-to-hand conflict. The red men swung right and left with clubs and spears.

\* \* \*

As if the Lord had answered the General's prayers, the heavens blackened with a sudden heavy thunderstorm. Lightning flashed, heavy clouds burst against each other with deep cannonadings. In this respite, the General's men moved to a patch of rising ground, "Bloody Gulch," where they were protected on three sides. At the same time, the signal gun began its heartening "Boom! Boom!" from Fort Schuyler.

Joseph Brant then tried an Indian trick: he sent a company of the Greens disguised with American hats. One of the Valley men reached out a hand in greeting, but was promptly captured. Another, leaping to his rescue, was pinioned to the ground with a



bayonet through his thigh. Another with clubbed musket brained his assailant.

The Indians, seeing what manner of foe they had to deal with, turned tail and began sounding their retreat, their weird "Oo-nah! Oooh-nah!" Deserted Tories slunk

into the rain-drenched forest, stumbling over the dead bodies of friend and foe.

So few were the unwounded that they could scarce carry their own survivors out on litters of saplings bound with withes of willow. Those dead were never buried. Not

for ten years were the Valley farmers to come and bury the whitening skulls that lay thick through the woods. It was a sad encampment they made that night on the site of what is now Utica.

That battle made history, for those few desperate frontiersmen prevented reinforcements from reaching Burgoyne.

As for the general, he died ten days later. A marker stands on the spot where stood the beech tree against which he leaned while he gave orders that made Saratoga possible, and helped decide the fate of a nation. A painting of the General propped there under heavy fire now hangs in the Utica Public Library. Oriskany is one of the four battlefields along the route of the New York to Buffalo trip. The General Herkimer Homestead with its Old Oaken Bucket, and the granite monument beside it, is now a national historic shrine.

The steel rails of the New York Central, following along the blazed trails of the red man, over natural routes along the water ways, start at the city that was once New Amsterdam. Even at the time of the War for Independence, New York had grown scarce a dozen blocks beyond what is still Wall Street. The region around Forty-second street was fat farm land.

Its neighbor Nieuw Haerlem, was a settlement established by Peter Stuyvesant in 1658. The Battle of Harlem Heights was fought just west of what is now Columbia University. Just north, at Spuyten Duyvil (spitting devil, as the rough waters were termed), Henry Hudson had his first skirmish with the Indians, in 1609, and afterwards proceeded to explore the Hudson as far as Albany. Though he failed of his desire to discover a route to China, he did tell the Dutch about New York Harbor.

On the banks of the Hudson river were the tepees of the Algonquins.

At Yonkers, the Mohican "town of rapid water," lived Frederick Philipse, possibly one of the backers of Captain

Kidd, and the Philipse manor house is now a museum of Colonial relics. Dobbs Ferry was originally a skiff operated by one Jeremiah Dobbs across the river to the Palisades. After the Battle of White Plains in 1775 the British made the town of that



Rome, on the Mohawk River, was known from settlement days as "the great carrying place."



Dunkirk on Lake Erie, has always been favored with a fine natural harbor, which, with Government improvements, has brought it an extensive Lake trade.



The first Grand Central Station in New York, built in 1871 and replaced by the present Grand Central Terminal in 1912.



Utica in 1838. Horatio Seymour and Roscoe Conkling had their homes and are now buried here.



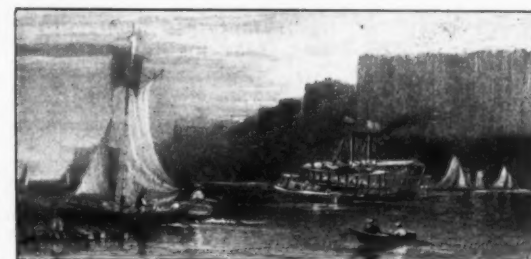
The Genesee Falls at Rochester in 1853, showing the Aqueduct of the Erie Canal where it crossed the Genesee River in the heart of the town.



The Erie Canal was a crowded waterway when this picture of Syracuse was made many years ago.



Poughkeepsie at the time when Vassar College for women was founded.



The Hudson River and its famous Palisades as they looked in 1838.



Schneectady, as seen in an early print. Union College, where John Howard Payne, author was a student, shows in the centre.



This Block House was a landmark in the Chicago of 1856.

name its rendezvous. Later the American army under Washington encamped near Dobbs Ferry in the snow. Sweeping on to Irvington, we were near the place where Washington Irving lived and ended his days. The Hudson widens into the haunted Tappan Zee of legend. Just above Tarrytown is "Sleepy Hollow." Sing Sing, at Ossining, obtained its deceptively happy terminology from the Sin Sinck Indians. Peekskill was where the Dutch trader Jans Peek's creek flowed to the right, and the river sweeps to the left around Dunderberg Mountain. It may be that part of the treasure of Captain Kidd still lies at the foot.

West Point, enroute reflects the picturesque castles on the Rhein, as visioned by the German Von Steuben, the general who served under Frederick the Great and with the Colonials in their struggle for independence. He established West Point, where stood the fortifications that Benedict Arnold agreed to betray into British hands. At Newburgh, Washington wrote the letter that rebuked those who desired him to become king. The desk in the Honathan Hasbrouck house may be seen by any visitor. On the opposite shore is Kingston where the first legislature of New York State met, and Newburgh, where Washington bade farewell to his army.

A little beyond Poughkeepsie is "Slab-sides," the cabin where John Burroughs wrote his philosophic observations on his friends in fur and feathers.

The name of the mountains among which Rip Van Winkle took his famous nap is a word of Dutch origin, Kaatskill, and suggests that something dire befell the wild cats thereabouts.

Schodack Landing was where the Mohicans held their first council fire. Rensselaer, across from Albany, was a part of the land bought from the Indians in 1631 for the richest and most autocratic of Dutch patrons. It was at Fort Cralo, still standing, that "Yankee Doodle" was written by a British commander to ridicule the American troops. The Yankees turned the tables by singing it when they marched the captured army of Burgoyne behind the Continental lines.

Albany has made a museum of the mansion built in 1760 by General Philip Schuyler.

Johnson Hall, the baronial mansion built in 1762, is well worth visiting, and is now state property and open free to the public. Sir William Johnson was an Irishman whom the Iroquois made a sachem. He was a friend of General Herkimer, and little dreamed, when he educated the Indian chief, Joseph Brant, that Brant would turn on the Colonial forces. Sir William's son turned Tory, and Johnson Hall later became a British stronghold. For Sir William died the year before "the shot heard 'round the world" was fired. But in the old days, Sir William had the house fortified in such a way that in Colonial days a small force could repel a large attacking party. From halls to cellar are secret passageways, a well of drinking water is located in the cellar, and one of the block-houses, which was part of the high stone wall that surrounded the house,

still stands with its loopholes intact. The house furnishings were brought from London, portaged from the Hudson to Schenectady by wagon, thence conveyed by boat up the Mohawk.

Johnstown was the birthplace of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneer woman suffragist, a friend and supporter of John Brown, the sturdy Abolitionist, "whose soul goes marching on."



Motor Roads and Picturesque Views Seen From the New York Central Train

Fort Plain was the headquarters of the American army during the latter two years of the War for Independence. Once when Brant was besieging this fort, the women donned men's hats to make it appear that their defense was stronger. The ruse worked with the savages, though seven girls were captured and made Indian squaws. Five-year-old Sophia Sitts, whom they captured but later released, lived to be 109.

The portage at Little Falls was the gateway to the West. Here, where later the first lock and canal were built and may still be seen from the railroad, was a gorge so wild and rocky that it was cruel work getting batteaux through. It was through this "carry" that the expeditions against Canada passed to the capture of Montreal.

Schenectady, where the Iroquois trail ran over the pine flats, was where the Mohawks drove out the last of the Mohicans. The city was founded through the efforts of Van Rensselaer's cousin, Arent Van Curler, as a protest against feudal tenantry in America. It was the scene of a massacre in 1690, in which all but three houses were destroyed. The survivors rebuilt, and soon thereafter it became a rival fur-trading post to Albany. A placid Dutch town it was in those days, where the men with square cut yellow hair built flat-boats for the river trade, and the plump dames, in their red and blue short skirts and bodices and high pointed caps,

put their beans to bake in the rounded ovens of kitchens with half doors to keep the toddlers close to their mothers' apron strings.

The pass on the Mohawk Turnpike witnessed many scenes of border warfare of pioneer, Dutch, and Revolutionary days, and of the War of 1812. Through here passed troupes to the Civil War. Here, also, is the scene of Harold Frederick's

novels, "In the Valley," and "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

Thirteen miles beyond, at Oneida, stood Oneida Castle, sacred to the only Iroquois who fought for America. Here "the people of stone" hung enemy scalps on a giant boulder and split their ears for battle. At Lake Oneida, Champlain, 167 years before, led a war party of Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois, only to be repelled by those fiercest of all red men. Oneida was the place where canoes were carried from one stream to another, a key position between the Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario, which Fort Stanwix was built to protect.

It was here that for the first time the Stars and Stripes were raised—three days before the Battle of Oriskany. Mrs. Betsy Ross, hemmed in as she was by British forces, worked out the design for the flag by cutting the white strips from a soldier's shirt, the red, from a woman's flannel petticoat, and the blue from a cloak taken from the body of an enemy.

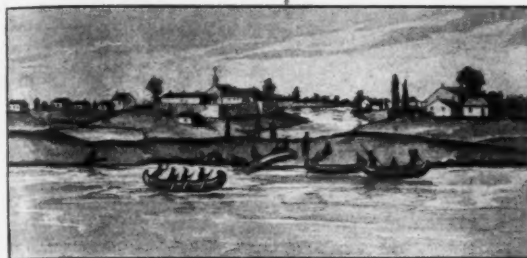
It was close by, in Rome, nine years before Oriskany, that Sir William Johnson made the treaty with the Six Nations by which the red men surrendered to the British crown their claims to what is now Kentucky, West Virginia and the Western part of Pennsylvania.

Again, as the treaty between the United States and Great Britain did not include the Indians of the Six Nations, a great peace council was held at Fort St. Stan-





*Buffalo in 1842.*



*Chicago of one hundred years ago.*



*Buffalo Street, Rochester in 1840.*



*The old block house at Erie.*



*The Public Square of Painesville in the early 1850's.*



*Ashtabula, today a great shipping center for iron and coal, as it appeared in 1846.*

wix, at which Lafayette was present, which resulted in the Iroquois relinquishing their title to all their lands along the Ohio together with four million acres of what became New York State.

The menace of the Mohawks passed and the council fires of the red man gave place to the hearth fires of the white.

Here, in the land of Hiawatha, was thrown the first spadeful of earth for the Erie Canal, along which plodded the teams that drew the trumpeting packet boats. Here, later, were built the railroads (now combined in the New York Central) that whisk one from New York to Chicago in less than the 24 hours of a single day.

At Syracuse, once the headquarters of the Onondagas, one of the Six Tribes, may be found their descendants, living on a reservation. Here, in a wave of anti-slavery sentiment that followed on the heels of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, the fugitive Jerry was rescued.

Palmyra, on beyond, was the home of the founder of the Mormon Church. Here Joseph Smith claimed to have been visited by a prophetic angel, and afterwards found a supplement to the New Testament buried on a hill-top—those plates of gold inscribed in mystic characters which it required a pair of supernatural spectacles to read.

In the old flour mill city of Rochester, the Eastman Kodak was first clicked that is now heard around the world. The Fox sisters of the table rapping phenomena lived in the Rochester that was a center of the Abolitionist movement in New York State, and was for years a busy station of the "underground railway" by which fugitive slaves were assisted on their way to Canada and freedom.

Buffalo, unique in having at its command the all but unlimited electric power of Niagara Falls, and connected with the Canadian shore by a great International Bridge, with its strategic position on Lake Erie, heard the first gun fired in the War of 1812. Fort Erie, across the river, which was captured by the American force under Captain Winfield Scott, though he blew it up at the end of the war, still stands in ruins that tell of other days.



*Batavia from an old print.*



*Toledo harbor in 1846.*



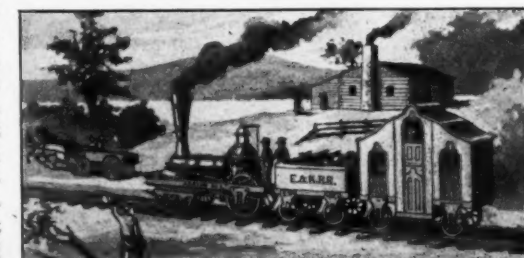
*Sandusky was a thriving city in 1850.*



*Cleveland even in 1846 was a metropolis of note.*



*Albany, capital of the Empire State, in 1853.*



*The first Railroad in Ohio was the Erie and Kalamazoo opened in 1836.*

At Geneva lived Platt R. Spencer, originator of Spencerian penmanship and the first American openly to take a stand (in 1832) for the suppression of the liquor traffic.

It was Captain Moses Cleaveland, a Yale graduate, who, representing the Connecticut Land Company, twenty years after the Battle of Oriskany, led a band of pioneers to settle around what was then but a trading post on a high bluff on Lake Erie. It was really a part of the Western Reserve Territory, ceded to those who had lost most heavily at the hands of the British. Beyond this line the aborigines allowed none to set foot. The little community was at times so driven by starvation that it was compelled to live on boiled rattlesnake, and it is recorded that once as they sat in prayer meeting they spied a bear swimming across Cuyahoga River. The congregation went out and killed the bear, thus providentially supplying their larder, then returned to their devotions.

It was because a newspaper headline was too long that Captain Cleaveland was abbreviated to the dimensions of the name the city bears.

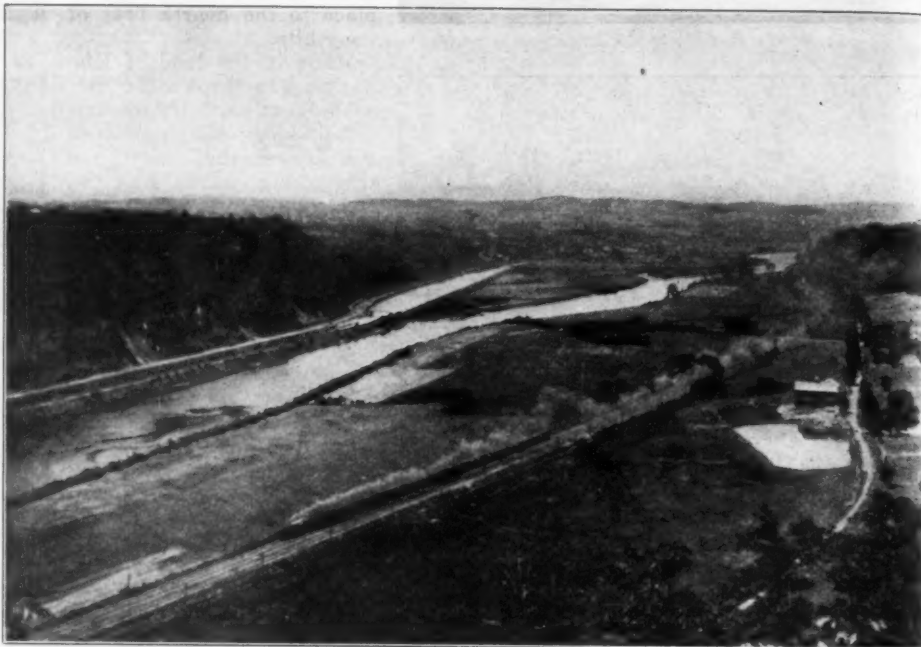
Sandusky was still wilderness in 1813 when the Battle of Lake Erie was fought, and young Perry and his fleet of six schooners, a brig and a sloop vanquished the British squadron and gave utterance to the clause of confidence, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Goshen, in the Hoosier State is still a stronghold of the Mennonites, while South Bend summons the spirit of La Salle, who sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi and took possession of Louisiana for the French. He made his way over the portage just north of the present city. Here, too, Marquette made his way, on his fatal attempt to explore the Mississippi. Over this portage the mound-builders of prehistoric times must have conveyed the copper mined in Lake Superior and still found, in the form of knives and spear tips, at the roots of trees that must have begun their growth before the coming of Columbus. La Porte (the door) marks what was

once the natural opening through the timber.

Gary was later built to order and has no history before 1900; but is the site of the old Chicago portage which was used by Indians in canoeing from the Great Lakes to the Father of Waters, and the city was named for the wild garlic that starred the woods with its odorous white blossoms.

tragedy, a monument has been erected on the spot which is now Grant Park. Four years later the fort was rebuilt with a settlement of fourteen houses where now stands the second city in America, and within that forest of sky-scrapers is now conducted the most important grain and live stock market in the world. The peerless young Giant City of Chicago with the



*Along the Valleys at a Water Level Speeds the Twentieth Century Across the Continent*

After the treaty made by General Wayne with the Indians in 1794, providing for the cession of a tract at the south end of Lake Michigan, the block-house and stockade of Fort Dearborn was constructed. During the Indian War with Tecumseh, the intrepid Indian chieftain, a massacre occurred here in which ninety-three men, women and children were set upon by five hundred red men. In memory of that

spirit of "I will" has become the center of the new world.

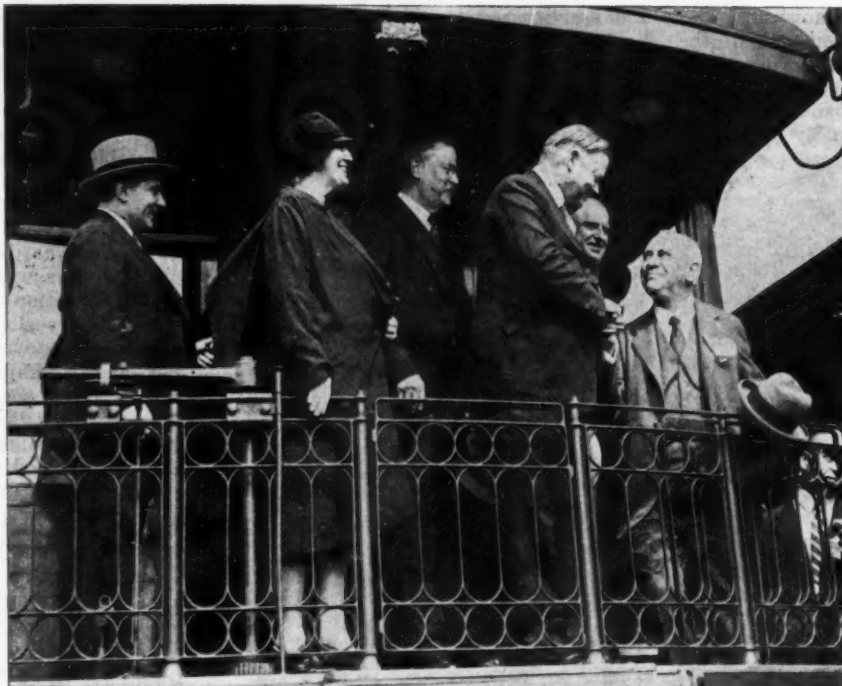
All this only a few hours away passing through the historic scenes of the stirring old days along the trails blazed by Indians and pioneers, along the pathway offering the least resistance—the water level route marking the very back-bone of transcontinental transportation, the water level route of the New York Central.



*Gardens and Homes Supreme Along the New York Central, the Water Level Route*



*Herbert Hoover on the Rear Platform with Mrs. Hoover Greeting Admirers on Tour*



*A Scene Typical of the Hoover Trips as Hundreds Cheered America's Man of Destiny*

## Whirlwind Close of a Presidential Campaign

*Red fire, torchlight parades missing in 1928 vote drive—Radio changes old style campaigning—Borah an outstanding figure—Which will it be: Herbert or Al?—Straws in the political wind*

**O**LDTIME redfire, brass band, torchlight parades and spectacular furors were missing in the closing days of the presidential campaign in 1928. It started out with few yells—less jolts than a Pennsylvania train leaving Washington and continued with less bitter personalities than in any previous campaign. Republicans spoke kindly and even admiringly of Al Smith in these last hectic weeks. Democrats gave unreserved praise to the ability and character of Herbert Hoover, and yet through it all there remains that party feeling that goes deeper than an argument on issues. A Democrat or a Republican party bias is rooted somewhere in the average voter. While some may wander away from the party poll list at this election—the fact remains that the United States is a nation of two major parties, and it is well it is so, to preserve the balance of power.

Radio has been responsible for much of the independent vote. It enabled the voters to get their information as they desire and to do their own thinking. They can turn the switch on and off as desired, in the election booth as well as on the radio at home. The intensive personal interest in the great issues pending augurs well for the future. It emphasizes the inherent individualism among American voters who evince the courage now and then to break the party ties in order to express their own personal convictions on political and moral issues or discipline their own party leaders.

Outside of Governor Alfred E. Smith's spectacular "swing around the circle," following one of the time-honored customs of presidential campaigns, there has been little of the luridly dramatic, and only an occasional spasm now and then of pyrotechnical overheated discussions among groups of individuals. In the old days, election fist fights following "rallies" were an outdoor sport, while around the airtight stove, as the chill November election day approached there were discussions that were even more red-hot than the blazing fire within. Once in four years,—every voter is likely to reveal his or her deep-seated partisan bias to some extent; but this year it has been more thoroughly under control than ever before.

The analysis of the situation in 1928 as reflected in past performances is that when a party is divided in a campaign defeat is inevitable. This has been true whether the Republicans or Democrats have this periodical misfortune. Politics does make strange bedfellows, but it is a crucial time for the reckoning power of the spoken or written word which constitutes "a record." Stump speeches are still with us, although changed in form. Like Banquo's Ghost, statements casually made by candidates in the past are brought out of the closet with ghoulish glee by the opposition, for all seem to be searching for the rare "jewel of consistency" in campaign utterances—and the gem appears more rare than ever at this particular time.

The strange anomaly has occurred of

hearing Republicans say they are going to vote for Hoover, but hope Smith will win, and of Democrats emphatically declaring that they are going to vote for Al Smith, but adding parenthetically that they hope Hoover will be elected. This is a case where their business interests may conflict with their personal wishes or a desire to see a friend reap honors that they feel may be due them; but yet recognizes it hazards their own personal interests and implies hopes that others will proceed to rake the chestnuts out of the fire of discordant elements in their own minds.

The present campaign makes Mark Hanna's '96 campaign look like a piker in expenditures. Nearly fifty million pieces of literature have been sent out by the respective national committees, but no one seems to have seen it or read it. A political campaign stimulates a natural tendency to gossip—sometimes a whispering campaign is cultivated to win sympathetic votes. A candidate has a difficulty in assuming a responsibility for millions of ardent partisan supporters. While the odds offered in October days were very strong against the possibility of the election of Alfred Smith, there were hopeful ones among his admirers believing that the unexpected might happen. There were fifteen million Republican voters in 1924 who voted for Calvin Coolidge, and no evidence of any great disaffection in his party. The statistics would seem to indicate that the country at large

at this time is normally Republican. The people are thoroughly impressed after the conclusive evidence of the campaign, that Herbert Hoover is the better man of the two, by reason of education, training, experience and ability. And the best man usually wins. Street corner political discussions have been superseded by the radio

marks they had "begged to print" return to haunt them. Free from the entanglements of seeking candidatorial honors, William E. Borah has been the outstanding speaker of the campaign. He certainly puts his opponents up a stump in a stump speech. This is one quadrennial contest in which he has been perfectly free from all angles of

together with a rather critical analysis of the candidates with just a touch of partisan bias, that gave it a piquant flavor and appealed to the fellow members of his party.

The quadrennial presidential campaign with a party line-up is essential to the progress of the nation. Whatever may be said must have a salutary effect in checking up on public officials and making them realize that the Ides of November is as potent as was the Ides of March in the days of Caesar. Lessons are taught how to be more careful of what is said and what is done during the days when the high-pressure spotlight of election results are not apparent.

All this recalls a bit of practical smooth-reading verse written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and remembered by many thousands during the years. It seems apropos to the criss-cross battle of words incident to the present campaign that it fits the occasion as a bit of good advice for political leaders to follow in future.

Boys flying kites haul home their white-winged birds

But you can't do that when you are flying words;

"Careful with fire" is good advice we know.

"Careful with words" is sometimes doubly so;

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;

But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

Owing to the fact that there was no precedent as to procedure in a radio campaign, both parties invited "expressions of opinion" from the invisible audience with much of the same *savoir faire* of the advertiser seeking to impress through his announcements a well-directed solicitation for more business to help pay the radio bills.

What has interested me most in this campaign is the reaction of the women voters and the enthusiasm and thoroughness of their work as volunteers. The young women of the future will take to politics much more readily than young men. The strange spectacle appeared in 1928 of more women than men in attendance at political meetings in all parts of the country. This augurs well for the future. An expression of the intuitive impulse in the conduct of public affairs is sometimes more unerring in influencing the judgment of the individual voter than the exhilarating harangues and colloquial retorts that have heretofore characterized political discussions among the large mass of voters.

It also means much to the observer to gather the impressions of the young people who are casting their first ballot. These recruits will continue on voting in future campaigns. Many millions of those whom we thought were mere boys and girls are going to walk up to the polls, and cast their votes in November with all the sangfroid of a veteran. The inclination to use a few French words was suggested in meeting a number of French-American political orators who could deliver a speech with their hands and arms, and be understood, although I could understand but few of the words they were speaking. This recalled a phase of the 1896 campaign when there



Herbert Hoover Has the Spirit of the National Game and Did Not Forget the "Series"—  
"He Throws Straight" Says the Baseball Fan in the Rear

loudspeaker. The difficulty with the gathered assembly around the radio is that they cannot continue to argue and talk if they want to hear what is said. Consequently, the 1928 campaign might be called a thoroughly radioized derby.

Perhaps the two battling giants in the 1928 campaign arena, outside of the presidential candidates who have not indulged in a close-up clinch, are Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic nominee for vice-president, and William E. Borah of Idaho. These senatorial gladiators are at home in a bandy of hot words back and forth. The marble floor of the Senate exchanged for the sawdust of the forum does not eliminate the traditional courtesy as to treatment of a colleague, even after they have each indulged in an oratorical wallop.

The Congressional Record has come back to "plague both of their houses," and re-

disappointment in his own party, and his skill as a debater and ability as an orator has been most emphatically impressed upon the people, no matter what their political beliefs may be. His famous reply to Governor Smith delivered at St. Paul in October was unhappily cut off after one hour by the limitations of the radio contract just when it was becoming most interesting, and the radio fans appealed for more. There was a gloved sarcasm and analysis of statements pro and con that evoked not only the laughter and the risibilities of twelve thousand people present in the Auditorium, but I heard rousing chuckles and applause by Republicans gathered around the loud speaker fifteen hundred miles away. Battling in good legal form and as the lawyers say, Senator Borah proceeded to "laugh his opponent out of court." His broadside covered nearly every issue of the campaign,



were few direct campaign speakers using a foreign tongue in addressing voters classified under the hyphenated names of German-American, Italian-American, Polish-American, etc., in the dissemination of literature printed in foreign languages. The firm position of both political parties on the subject of immigration eliminated the necessity of making the usual racial appeal.

There was a scarcity of literature printed in foreign languages—in fact very little literature was in evidence during this campaign. Even the campaign buttons were modest and the presidential name plates on the automobiles were more of a pastime than a custom. The straw vote is still with us, showing which way the political winds are blowing. Teachers in the public schools of Boston and elsewhere were forbidden to wear badges for fear it might influence the minds of the children, who, although they could not vote, the wiseacres felt that they might in turn influence the parents. Of course that thing known as politics must not be tolerated in schools where they are supposed to be educating voters. Altogether there was a spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship in the chronicled record of the campaign of 1928. We may confidently look for matters to settle down placidly after the sixth of November to the usual routine. The fact that the presidential election of 1928 has had little effect on business proves either that the election of Mr. Hoover was thoroughly discounted in the stock market or else that there is a growing sanity concerning affairs political, which foreshadows the fact that the genius of the age is business and that politics is becoming less of a business and business is understanding how to manage its politics without the usual costly and disastrous upheavals that breed psychological financial panics.

Every four years the citizens of the United States of America go about the business of electing a president. And once in about every quarter of a century comes a presidential campaign endowed with great, forceful personalities and live, sensational issues that break down political barriers and send the citizenry into the exciting game of politics with hammer and tongs ready for use and no holds barred. Such a campaign was the epic McKinley-Bryan struggle of 1896, and such a campaign was the Hoover-Smith battle in this year of grace, now coming to its Whirlwind Close.

In the midst of the hard and too-often bitter political fighting that this year of 1928 has brought forth, there is surely room for pause and a good-natured, unprejudiced survey of the situation as it now is. The NATIONAL MAGAZINE will not attempt to go on record as a prognosticator. It is enough merely to chronicle the skirmishes, stratagems and generalship of the Great Game Politics, much as the sports writer watches the progress of the World's Series or the championship Thanksgiving Day football game.

The Democratic candidate in his tour, dramatically appealed to the voters of the Plains. He received cordial welcomes wherever he went. True, the forces of the opposition claim that most of the huzzahs came

from those who were already Smith adherents, but it will not do to belittle the effect of the Happy Warrior's personality upon the people, of whom he is so outstanding a representative. Not until the votes are counted in November can the result of the

entirely borrowed in entirety from the man who now sits in the White House, was silent after his trip back from the Pacific Coast in late summer until he made the notable journey to make a notable speech in the South; that does not mean that he



*Herbert Hoover and Former Secretary Charles Evans Hughes, Old-time Colleagues in the Cabinets of Two Presidents*

tour be truly estimated.

Governor Smith's first act upon returning to New York was to have his old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, nominated for governor, a circumstance which will enable the Democratic state ticket to present its strongest front at the election. From all indications the race in New York will be the closest since Blaine lost the state, and hence the nation, to Cleveland by a bare 1,149 ballots. History might conceivably repeat itself, say those who recall the historic phrase which turned that election.

The Brown Derby will in all probability remain in the East, with frequent trips to the microphone, until the fateful election day.

Secretary Hoover, choosing a method in direct antithesis to his rival's and appar-

has not been busy. Things have been quietly going on in the home on S street in Washington and the headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue, and the end of October sees the candidate step anew into the political arena, armed with pronouncements on national issues which the respite has enabled him to prepare.

Following the opening gun at Elizabethton on the 7th, Mr. Hoover prepared to follow a schedule which underwent several re-vampings recently for unpublished but probably astute reasons, and which at last announcement lined up as follows: Boston, Oct. 15; New York, Oct. 22; a speech in the Mid-West on his way home to California to vote, and a wind-up on Election Eve at Palo Alto. Observers predicted that the Mid-Western speech would be located in Minneapolis as an off-set to



*Do You Wonder That Herbert Hoover Smiles in This Cheering Picture of Feminine Political Enthusiasm?*

the enthusiastic welcome Governor Smith received in St. Paul last month.

It is possible that additional speeches may be added as believed necessary, although the candidate is said to be averse to depart from the reserved order of campaign he has chosen to follow. All of the speeches will be heard on the radio, with a nation-wide hookup planned for the concluding address at Palo Alto.

\* \* \*

Speaking of the radio, no one thing has so much changed the nature of political campaigning from the old torch-light days as the invention of Marconi and DeForest. It is said, in fact, to have proved a bane as well as a blessing in some instances. The number of people who hear a speech in person or read it in the papers is infinitesimal and geographically greatly restricted, compared to the number who now listen to it in the calm and comfort of the family fireside.

Consider the plight of the candidate who talks one thing one place and another in a different locality, and wakes up the morning after election to find that the dry western farmer to whom he talked relief plans has been "listening in" on his prohibition denouncements in the East!

\* \* \*

After all, the major pronouncements of the leaders themselves are but a small, though magnified, drop in the bucket, when compared with precinct work, women's clubs, editorials in the old home town Gazette, and all the unheralded minutiae of a great national campaign.

Neither side can reproach itself with inactivity. The farm land Mid-West, particularly, is being "worked" for all it is worth. From Minnesota, where some of

the irregulars have gone over to Smith in a body, comes report of such Democratic activity as has seldom been known in that formerly staunch republican state. In the same locality Hoover-Curtis buses, equipped with speakers and loud speakers are visiting twelve to fifteen communities a day. And all this gives no indication of the infinite amount of house-to-house work of both sides.

In Minnesota, it may be remarked in passing, the situation is complicated by peculiar local issues. Governor Christian-

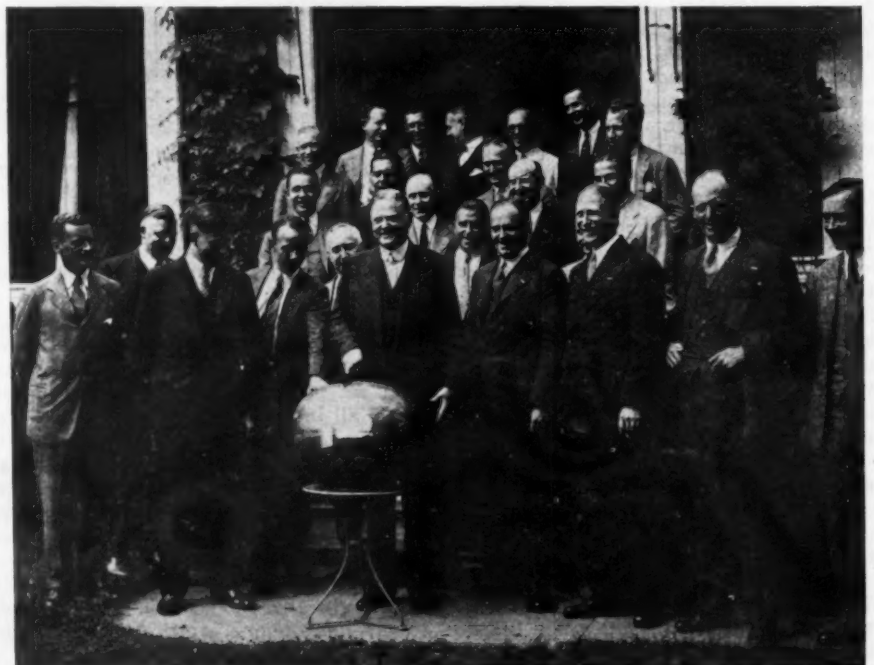
son, regular Republican, is regarded as certain of re-election. But Senator Shipstead, Farm Labor, is also running for re-election. The Democratic candidate withdrew to aid him, presumably fusing the causes of Shipstead and Smith. Republicans took comfort from the fact that this surprising development only coincided with what they term the most significant bolt the state has seen—that of John Lind, "grand old man" of Minnesota democracy, former governor and special envoy of President Wilson in Mexico in 1914, who declared in no uncertain terms that he knew too much about Tammany to vote for its nominee.

In nearby North Dakota, an even more difficult paradox developed. Death of a Republican governor had elevated a Republican lieutenant-Governor who was nominated to succeed his own short term and immediately asked to have his name transferred to the Democratic ballot. In the face of this are Senators Nye and Frazier, old-time irregulars, now plugging hard for the regular ticket and Capper and Senator Brookhart are delivering short speeches that hit hard their old ally Norris of Nebraska, the irreconcilable.

These instances only go to illustrate the general muddled, un-predictable state of things in the West. What does it mean? Make your own guess.

In speaking of the Western situation, the importance of Senator Borah and Nominee Curtis must not be forgotten. If the farm states stay in the Republican column, a grateful Grand Old Party should hang laurels upon the heads of these two. The game of "back-tracking" so vivid a personality as Governor Smith is not a glorious one; yet Senator Borah, who dominated the Kansas City convention as no other man, has undertaken the thankless job and, Republican leaders say, has the

*Continued on page 39*



*It Was "Cutting a Real Melon" That Engaged Herbert Hoover's Attention for a Few Minutes One Busy Day During the Campaign*



# Everyday Philosophy in Everyday Business

*Frank I. Dorr, the genius of Raymonds—an exponent of common sense policy in merchandising that has made his institution a distinctive departure in retail trade*

**A**N epigram known in New England about as well as "A stitch in time saves nine" is "Where U Bot the Hat" based on the philosophy of Frank I. Dorr, who insists "Be yourself, and you will be individual." Even classic New England must revert to type and find something refreshing in the phrases of Artemus Ward and John Billings that supplement the polished poems and phrases of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes.

The words "Sold Out to Raymond's" displayed across factories or show windows mean action, as well as indicating a statement of failure, fire or other disaster. They tell a human interest story of a legitimate business transaction where all parties benefit, utilizing the basic idea of thrift, enabling everyone to share in the salvage from bankruptcy. Frank I. Dorr,—which is another way of saying "Raymond's," is a man who finds no entertainment in talking about himself but is a good listener. What he does say is worth hearing, "I have to pay well for writing and talking in advertisements." He takes short cuts across a subject and leaves no reason for detours. While not aloof nor indifferent, he does not give his visitor an impression of haste or inattention—until the conversation turns upon himself and his affairs. Then he modestly retires behind the policy that makes his business different. Taking up one thread and following it back we come to a farm near Orland, Maine, where in 1863, Mr. Dorr was born.

"Down east?" No, one must travel a good many miles to reach that locality for when you get beyond Mt. Desert Hills and the summer colonies dotted all along the coast, you will hear people still speaking of going "down east."

The sea was inviting to a lad along the Maine shore in those days. It created a wonder about what is beyond. It might have been such thoughts and ambitions that urged Frank I. Dorr to take his few belongings and go to Ellsworth—a small town on the Union River where logs came down from spruce and pine woods to find their way into saw mills or into ships that bore them out across Frenchman's Bay.

A boyhood in Maine is a rich inheritance; in the busy coast towns are all sorts of men, sea captains, lumber dealers, lumberjacks, politicians, merchants and farmers,—a homogeneous but varied community. From contact with such men Mr. Dorr gained his knowledge of human nature. All the worth of rugged men who joked as they worked and studied was revealed in leisure hours. Here was born

much of that "shirt sleeve witticism that has characterized the advertising of the store "Where U Bot the Hat." There must have also been born a sympathy and understanding that lies back of a successful business and a store that makes one with a great need and a small pocketbook feel entirely at home.

In an airy office at the top of the array of buildings covering the realm of "Raymond's" in Boston one finds a six-footed, broadshouldered man with a serious smile and a laughing eye. One way to induce the smile is to ask about the early days on Union River when working in a sawmill was interrupted by teaching school nearby and at Eastbrook. If you are fortunate you will hear how ambition led Mr. Dorr to apply to the school committee for the opportunity to control the marksmanship of the young idea and how two weeks of intensive study, pursued in early morning hours and continued by consuming kerosene oil, secured the desired position.

"I was over six feet tall and not too many inches wide," laughed Mr. Dorr, "and when I unlocked the school house door I saw trooping in boys and girls of all ages, from four to twenty. Bringing up the rear of the line were three tall, athletic lumbermen. I needed all my courage for the ordeal. While I might not have qualified in subjects like calculus or Greek, I could jump. At recess the boys all entered a jumping contest and, being all limb and muscle, I could spring like an agile kangaroo. After that school teaching was easy, for scholars won't bother a teacher much who will come "out to play at recess."

Then came a slow reminiscent smile, for the merchant had recalled a bit of philosophy. "A good jump depends on your aim. If you aim for five feet you make it, but if you choose a longer space you can cover that." That was a philosophical truth.

"Attracted by the advertising of a Boston firm," continued Mr. Dorr, the old 'Plymouth Rock Pants Co.' I wondered if I could not realize my ambition for 'keeping store,'—which had always been in my mind as long as I could remember. Writing to the concern I received a courteous reply that

no help was needed but if I were ever in town I might call."

The courtesies and amenities of business were new to the youth on Union River and Mr. Dorr took the implied invi-



Mr. Frank I. Dorr of "Raymond's", Boston

tation in a literal way and believed that the Boston firm had a great desire to meet him personally and he made his way to the city.

Faith in man and belief in self created the sterling business men of the country. On that faith Frank I. Dorr did secure the job which proves that something more than a keen ear must follow that tap of opportunity on the door.

From the creak of pine logs and whine of saws, from the dignity of the school-room desk, Frank Dorr at last came to the counter for his real life encounters as a "store keeper."

Long before,—in 1840, the stores which had begun at the wharves where importers sold to the wholesale dealers, had extended on to Adams Square and followed along Kilby Street, dipping into Water and Franklin Streets and had made its appearance on Washington, near Milk Street which is the present location of Raymonds.

In 1895 when business was just emerging from a panic and a renewal and vigorous prosperity was beginning, Frank I. Dorr began his salesmanship in Boston, with George J. Raymond. Even then, the business was unique, having come to life in what was called "a straw hat tent." This merchandising had developed into a method of going about New England and buying up merchandise from those who were "closing out."

Prosperity followed the plan and soon old boundaries were outgrown for the demand of customers could not be met, so other sources of supply were sought. The old method is retained and hence "Sold out to Raymond's," remains a classic announcement in the mercantile world.

Young Dorr was once sent to a city where the store to be purchased was in the hands of a trustee. It was necessary to see this man and after traveling round and about the corridors of a rambling building, a tall serious-looking young man came down a flight of stairs and said to Mr. Dorr, "For whom are you looking?" Mr. Dorr stated his desire to find the trustee. "I am he," said Calvin Coolidge in his characteristic brevity and perfect English. So Frank Dorr in his early mercantile career did business with a future president of the United States.

The "Raymond" store was purchased by Mr. Dorr in 1915 shortly after the originator's death, and he began the distinctive advertising that has brought such success. Epigrams, philosophy and wit were delivered to the public in language that bears the stamp of colloquialism,—and "Then Sum," as the advertising might say, for there is bad spelling, slang and rough humor generously sprinkled into the publicity. Mr. Dorr is the originator of this form of writing advertising and no one has been able to imitate it with any success.

"Kumonin Monday Mornin, speshelly if you got up grouchy, coz this Shoe Stock'll make yer laff," is one way of whetting interest in both reader and purchaser. There is more than Josh Billings spelling in such a line; it ties up directly with merchandising, as does the following, "Miss Baskum who wase over three hundred sez she is awl rapped up in the Korset she got at Raymond's." That makes it quite plain that the woman of a "gay fifty" bust measure can be served.

Much daring, but no offence is shown when, displaying Men's clothing the advertising states, "Looks ter me sumovem wuz marked er Heluver price,—but mebbe not—Weve putemall into one lot."

Two types of copy are employed,—that which relates strictly to merchandising and another which is more or less abstract and is reading matter, shot full of humor and philosophy. There are letters from

Uncle Eph in which he writes, "broad-castin begun when the fust lapees aid was organized on the ark by misses Noah, Ham, Shem and Japhet." Much sound wisdom is given in the close of one of these letters from Toonerville, "Many a feller who laffs at a jackass bekus ov his long eres, fergits that what really makes him a jackass aint his eres but his disposishun. Hopin yore the same, Uncle Eph."

While Raymond's undeniably serves those who most need to get full value for their money, by no means are the purchasers all alike. A banker buying a splendid pair of socks may touch shoulders in the crowd with the "man with a hoe" and the fastidious Miss who finds a dainty pair



Birthplace of Frank I. Dorr near Orland, Maine

of dancing pumps for a dollar, may wait for her package beside the purchaser of felt slippers (number ten) for a quarter.

The intelligencia who appreciate the humor to some extent are among those who search Raymond's for bargains.

Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, an authority on government and history, wrote to Mr. Dorr, "I cannot refrain from paying my respects to your advertisement writer. I look for his contribution to the newspaper as an intellectual treat. \* \* \* This is an arid world and one does not expect to find refreshment for the mind in a department store. You are therefore a public benefactor through your publications."

As an experiment, Mr. Dorr left out the firm name and location. The announcement brought the sales for no one noticed the omission.

There is seldom any "boosting" of the store. The goods are not described to any great extent and while there may be an invitation to "Kumin," no one is asked to buy,—that being left to his discretion. "Some of the pantz are kind of good," may be the most that is said in praise and when the stock is called "a Korker" now and then, one knows that value will surely be given. When a customer is dissatisfied and brings back his purchase, there is no argument and no delay, he finds his "money back" in his hand almost before he asks for it, because there a Raymond policy operative that the customer is always right.

While Mr. Dorr writes his own copy, if anyone believes that the finely groomed man at his desk in the top of the building is "homespun" in bearing or mind, he does not understand fiction writing.

A tour of the store is a side glance of human nature at all angles. Across the face of the building are emphatic Ray-

mondish signs. Inside you see broad tables heaped high with merchandise—perhaps neckties are selling for twenty-five cents. Mothers with young lads to dress are jostling against the well-dressed professor who has to practise thrift. Clothing is hung on rods and in one room you will find a workman's suit, a golf rig, a clerical coat, a dress suit and a first class overcoat.

There is the "Easy Basement" with wide stairs, crowded with women and children, young men and maidens. There is also the "Uneasy Basement." The sub-basement is called "The Unconstrained Suller," and instead of The Annex, you see "The Appendix." The Music Department—where are displayed Raymond's radios—the sign tells you it is the "Fiddle Room." The store that began life by selling hats has become a general department store.

A few samples of the ads which have attracted trade are interesting.

"Whether thare homely shirts or pooty shirts, I dunno. I saw sum I wouldn't wear to a Turkey Trot and sum looked pooty enuff to wear to a Fox Trot." A prose poem to overcoats reads: "We got sum almighty pooty ones for twenty dollars an after that they grow pootier and pootier all the way up to thirty-five dollars."

Concerning suits, you are told "Labels-riteonem," and that you can "seeeminthe-winder." Another announcement is practical. "Theres a lot ovus want clothes made toorder. Somovus are so out of shape we hafter. Someovus jess hanker to. That's all rite—cos a suit that'll luklik on Lish Smuggins mite luklikon Si Tooler."

The psychological value of the word "more" is adopted. "More suits, more coats and more hats," gives the impression of a tremendous stock coming in as well as a great increase in business.

Since Mr. Dorr's distinctive advertising began the volume of business increased from \$950,000 to \$8,000,000. Something of the psychology of words is apparent in these figures. From selling off the stock of stores in a vacant lot, the original activities of Raymond's have extended to enlarged store space, broader aisles, well lighted rooms and a big stock of needed merchandise pouring in from all over the country. While stock comes from many different sources, "buying out a store a week" is the established order of business at Raymond's. Mr. Dorr's "tork about goods," in his unique advertising admits of no subterfuges. Another principle is that relating to expenses; every bit of overhead not strictly needed is eliminated.

Goods are openly displayed for the customer to handle, to try on if desired and thoroughly investigated before a clerk is called. The clerks are on hand as soon as help or advice is asked, but it is a rule of the store that trade shall not be solicited. It is the plan of the store to make the customer feel thoroughly at home and after his own examination of the goods, even if he does not purchase, there is no impression of intrusion or of taking up the clerk's time without completing a sale.

A stranger in the city might make mis-

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## "Ravinia's" Rare Offerings of Grand Opera *Continued from page 16*

Rabaud's fantastic opera "Marouf" was included in it, a stir of pleasant anticipation was felt throughout the ranks of the musical cognoscenti. Here was a genuine novelty; a work which in Paris had taken its place among the most unusual of those which have come from the ultra-modern school, and one which had been given only a few performances in this country, and these at the Metropolitan in New York back in 1917. Mario Chamlee had been selected to sing the main part of this work, and although the part was absolutely new to him, he set himself to work with results which are now well known. He has not only added a brilliant role to his already long repertoire, but he has revealed himself in a new guise—that of an operatic comedian of the first rank. Then there was Mme. Yvonne Gall. It was known, of course, that Mme. Gall would come from France as a regular member of the Ravinia forces this season, her guest appearances last year having demonstrated her worth. It was only natural that Mme. Gall should be cast for the principal soprano role in "Marouf," as it formed a part of her repertoire at the Opera Comique in Paris, and she was well versed in all of the Parisian traditions of the part. Mme. Gall, like Mr. Chamlee, was eminently successful when the work was brought to performance. Another member of the Ravinia forces who had had experience in "Marouf" was Leon Rothier, who had been a member of the cast when it was given its American premiere in 1917.

Early in May the Ravinia scenic artists set to work building the elaborate sets which this opera demanded, and under the direction of Peter Donigan, this work continued until finally everything was in readiness for the

first performance. The rehearsals had been under the personal direction of Louis Hasselmans, conductor of the French repertoire, and before the curtain was lifted on the initial performance, perfection had been achieved. "Marouf" has served to add a new chapter to Ravinia Opera history, and it is small wonder that Mr. Eckstein found it necessary to give four performances of this work during the second half of the season.

The addition of Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole" to the repertoire was likewise matter of moment at Ravinia, and this opera, too, marked one of the high spots of the season. It demanded special scenery which was built in the Ravinia studios, as did "Le Chemineau," which for its revival was given entirely new mountings, as was "Don Pasquale." "L'Heure Espagnole" proved to be a triumph for Mme. Gall and those who appeared with her, while this same artist found one of her most congenial roles as Toinette in "Le Chemineau," in which she appeared opposite Mr. Danise, who had the name part. "Don Pasquale," unheard at Ravinia for several seasons, proved to be one of the most amusing operas of the season and gave Tito Schipa excellent opportunity in a purely lyric part. Miss Macbeth was opposite him, while Mr. Trevisan was the principal fun-maker.

It is notable that during the season opera performances were given on every Monday night except one, in place of the concerts which heretofore have occupied this position on the Ravinia calendar. This was due, for the most part, to the demand of the public for the repetition of certain works which could not otherwise be made to fit into the schedule. The eleven Sunday afternoon concerts given during the season were especially attractive,

and continuing a policy inaugurated three years ago, a series of concerts in which national music was featured, formed a considerable part of the Sunday offerings. This year the national programs included music representative of Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Bohemia, and Sweden. This was the first time that either Bohemia or Sweden had been represented in these concerts. Another unusual concert was devoted to ballet music, this program being followed by Miss Ruth Page, Edwin Strawbridge and associates in ballet divertissements. The final Sunday afternoon concert consisted of solo numbers presented by members of the orchestra.

\* \* \*

The children's concerts, given on each Thursday afternoon of the season, have drawn juvenile auditors by the thousand from near and far. The programs have been instructive and interesting, while the entertainments which have followed the orchestral programs have filled the hearts of the little visitors with joy. The concert part of these Thursday afternoon affairs have always included an instructive talk by Mr. DeLamarter.

As usual, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was in the pit this year and likewise appeared at all the concerts, occupying the same place it has occupied for seventeen summers. Ravinia is the only opera house in the world with a permanent symphony orchestra in its employ, and this distinction is something that warrants boasting. Whether furnishing the musical settings for the operas, or playing a concert program, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra has always been a vital part of the Ravinia season.

## Whirlwind Close of a Presidential Campaign *Continued from page 36*

situation well in hand. Borah's record as a progressive and liberal added to his inherent soundness and integrity places him in a position which, though not many would envy him his present job, few could hope to achieve.

\* \* \*

"Straw votes" have become so common that most people have forgotten just how the term originated.

It was many years ago that John Selden said in "Table Talk": "Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is."

More straws have been taken and thrown into the air this year to see which way the political wind is than ever before. With one exception, the Literary Digest which stands upon a very high hilltop and throws its straws into the gale at its freest and strongest power, most straw-voters have encountered shut-in valley breezes and cross-currents which have distorted and made the reading of the omens difficult and needful of explanation. Some straws have been thrown in such small valleys as to merit no more than casual notice.

Of the latter sort, but deserving of some interest from the notability of its subjects, is the poll taken of the persons included in "Who's Who." The result was overwhelmingly in favor of Candidate Hoover and

Democratic headquarters immediately protested the manner of taking the poll. Be that as it may, it is interesting as an opposite conclusion to Democratic claims of wholesale enrollment of eminent personages.

More significant polls may be summarized as follows:

**Country people.** The Pathfinder magazine of Washington, which professes no politics and has its circulation largely in rural districts recently announced completion of a poll whose totals were: Hoover 233,315; Smith 197,408. All 48 states were represented, and the electoral vote, if the states were to go according to the Pathfinder poll, would be Hoover 321; Smith 210. It must be remembered that scarcely any city vote is represented in this poll.

**City people.** The poll taken by the Hearst press is representative chiefly of the country's large centers of population, where Governor Smith is concededly strongest. This is tempered somewhat by the fact that the Hearst papers are supporting Hoover. Nevertheless, the totals of the poll at the first of the month were: Hoover 451,717; Smith 337,718. States represented numbered 46, and the electoral votes would be distributed: Hoover 331, Smith 181. Although Hoover margins are in some states

very slight, Smith majorities are shown in only 9 states: New York in the East; Wisconsin and Missouri in the Middle West; Colorado in the West; and Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia in what used to be the Solid South. Hoover was leading by a nose in Connecticut and gaining in New Jersey and Maryland. New York City was for Smith two to one, and upstate New York was Hoover's by the same margin.

**Nationwide.** The Literary Digest poll is not taken all at once, but is of a progressive nature in an attempt to keep tab on possible changes of sentiment as election time nears. When completed it will include some 19 million votes, distributed as nearly as possible according to population. Third week results were: Hoover 198,292; Smith 92,855. This represented 12 states and did not include New York City in the votes reported from that state. In fourth week results New York City votes began to appear, and a number of the still "solid" states of the South, and Smith showed heavy gains. An interesting feature of the poll was that Smith was receiving more votes from 1924 Republicans than from those who voted for the Democratic candidate in that year.

It's Presidential Year. Make your guess and take your pick.

# Tickleweed and Feathers

THE jury had been out on the case all morning and was still undecided. The vote stood eleven to one for acquittal, but one old codger stubbornly held out for a verdict of guilty.

"The sheriff came in at dinnertime and inquired what they would have to eat.

"Wa-a-ll," said the foreman, disgustedly, 'you kin bring us eleven dinners.' Then he added, reflectively, 'and a bale of hay.'"

—*Montreal Gazette.*

## Look Out Behind

The Accused: "I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact, when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

Judge: "I must stop this or you will be backing into something. Fifty dollars."

—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

## Prohibition

Whatever else may happen

When our country has gone dry,

The sailor will still have his port;

The farmer will have his rye.

The cotton still will have its gin,

The seacoast have its bar,

And each of us will have a bier

No matter who we are.

—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

## Preference

A small boy found the following sentence in his grammar examination: "The horse and the cow is in the field." He was told to correct it and give his reason for the correction. He wrote:

"The cow and horse is in the field. Ladies should always come first."

—*Baltimore Sun.*

## More Timely

Long-winded Lecturer: "If I have talked too long its because I didn't have my watch with me and I find no clock in this hall."

Voice from the audience: "Look behind you—there's a calendar!"

Brutal Comeback—Wife—When we were married, I thought you were a brave man.

Husband—So did a good many other people.

—*Kansas City Times.*

Mutual Protection—Woman (to tramp)—Go away or I'll call my husband.

Tramp—Oh, I know 'im. 'E's the little feller who told me to go away yesterday or e'd call 'is wife.

—*Epworth Herald.*

A colored man employed to wash windows at a certain factory in Boston was working so moderately that his actions might very well be termed "slow motion."

"Why, don't you hurry a little more?" demanded his employer.

"Boss, Ah has only two speeds an' de othah am slower dan dis one."

A clerical humorist was Bishop Stubbs of Oxford. On one occasion a church warden complained to him that the curate of his church wore a hood somewhat like that of an Oxford M. A., a degree he did not possess. "The man has a lie upon his back, my lord," said the angry church warden. "Don't say that Mr. Jones," replied the Bishop. "Say a falsehood!"

Had Seen It—First Farmer—I've got a freak on my farm—a twolegged calf.

Second Ditto—I know. He called on my daughter last night. —*Vancouver Province.*

Native—Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here.

Hunter—Good! What way is south?

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Wife (on the street)—Tom, here comes the man I was engaged to before I married you. Now, for goodness sake, perk up and look as though you were happy.

More Sarcasm—Waiter—How did you order your steak, sir?

Impatient Diner—Orally, I'm sorry to say, I see now that I should have ordered it by mail two weeks in advance.

—*The American Boy Magazine.*

The pessimist, says the Washington Post, reminds us that the lily belongs to the onion family, while the optimist reminds us that the onion belongs to the lily family.

New One on Dad—He—Well, my father has another wife to support now.

She—How's that, is he a bigamist?

He—No, but I just got married. —*Sun Dial.*

The supervisor of a western railroad received the following note from one of his track foremen:

"I am sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"

"No sah, he ain't yet, but he frequently kicks de place where ah recently was."

Boiled It Down—"What's the matter?"

"I wrote an article on fresh milk, and the editor condensed it."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up. "Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

"What's all the loud talk in the dining-room, sister?"

"Father and mother are swapping animals."

"Swapping animals?"

"Yep. She passed the buck to him and got his goat."

A fashionable woman, who collected her own rents in order to save expenses, found one of her tenants in an obviously discontented frame of mind, and promptly decided to forestall complaints by making some. She ended with: "And the kitchen, Mr. James, is in a terrible condition."

"Yes, ma'am, it is," Mr. James agreed; "and you'd look the same way if you hadn't had any paint on you for six years."

An Expert—Baxter—You misjudge me, dear. Lying isn't one of my failings.

Mrs. Baxter—It certainly isn't. It's one of your pronounced successes.

Meeting his pet enemy on Main street one day, Jim observed affably:

"I was sayin' some good things about you to a man this mornin'."

"You was?"

"Ya'as. I said you had the best cattle an' sheep of any farmer I knowed. An' what was more, I said that pair o' hosses o' yours was the finest in Franklin County—wuth at least \$800."

"Who'd you say it to?" queried the flattered foe.

"The tax assessor." —*The Outlook.*

And Then Some—A certain man about campus lets us in on the secret of how to plan for a weekend in New York. "Figure out," says he, "your expenses, multiply by two, and add five dollars." —*Lafayette Lyre.*



# Religion "As Is" Depicted in Zeigen's "Lava"

*A fighting pastor who dared to fight for a clean community made a hero of an unusual book—  
James Oliver Curwood contributed foreword*

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IN these days the public seems to be most interested in books of jolts that increase in degree to a volcanic upheaval in revealing familiar experiences and thoughts seldom written about, although discussed in privacy of personal comment.

The new novel "Lava," by Frederic Zeigen, is appropriately named. It brings visions of what an eruption of a social Vesuvius might conceal for future generations if the modern Pompeiis of smaller communities were buried under seas of lava, to be excavated in the pitiless research for historical record.

With a title that reflects the flaming purpose of a crusader, the author unfolds a narrative which, while emphatic and possibly extreme in emphasizing the purpose, tells a story that grips, because the reader knows that it is true. Frederic Zeigen does not relate his stirring picture of the smaller community life in whispers; he presents a picture that will make many people understand why they have lost interest in the church work they loved in earlier days and will stir them with the spirit of doing something to help correct the conditions that alienate them from their former religious life.

From the serenity of the opening chapters to the stirring climax, there is that something that rivets the interest. The reader may become irritated at times with the printed comment and discussions that hit him or her—but he discerns the truth indicated in the staccato and sometimes extended dialogue. At first you keep on wondering why the placid and somewhat sequestered life of a Protestant Church should be disturbed as long as the bills are paid. The author of "Lava" tears aside the curtains and reveals conditions that are often close at hand and which were especially prevalent in the decades just passed. He has crusaded for the spirit of the new times, which as a vision of a nation without poverty and with a saving living wage, with good homes, a job for every man willing to work, and workmen busy supplying necessities and comforts for other workmen to buy and enjoy, as well as providing for the luxuries of the more well-to-do.

Intense in his practicalities, Mr. Zeigen very subtly and effectively carries constructive ideas for clearing up deplorable situations. While all Protestant preachers may not be David Downings, there is always something in the prowess of the heroic that appeals, and doubtless many of the pastors reading this book are heroes in their own right and do not realize it, but incidents in "Lava" certainly do not dull, but rather arouse to the realization of what there is to do in our own field of activity, whether minister or layman.

Opening the story in the serenity of a sub-

urban small city life, Dr. Zeigen leads one to see a picture and we nod "That's so." The characters are brought on in logical natural sequence. The foundations are laid with

ciation of a hero—heroic with himself. The interweaving of the plot again proves that truth is stranger than fiction. While the description of church life may be an extreme



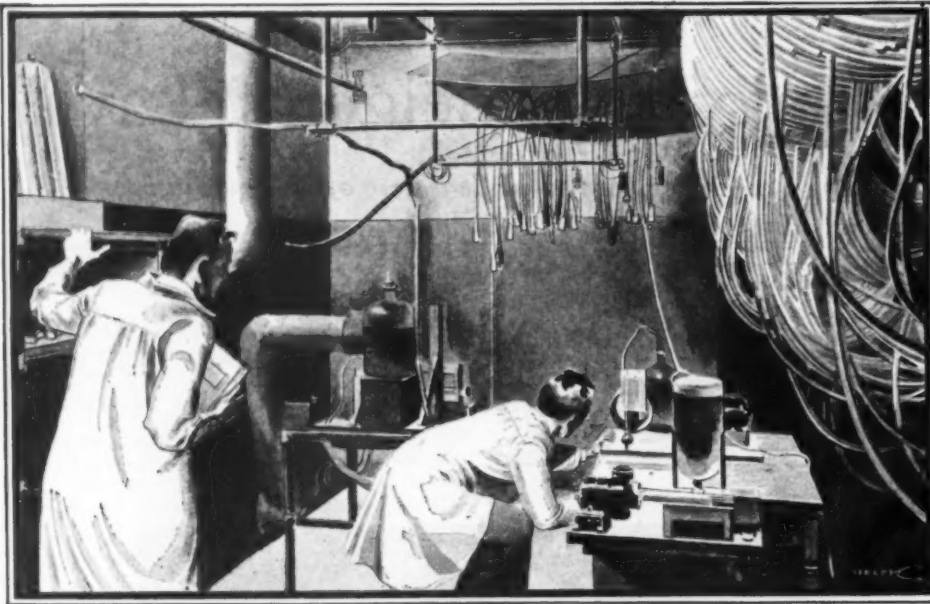
Frederic Zeigen, author of "Lava"

colloquial discussions, given in all their crass and at times irritating frankness; he accelerates action that leads on with a forceful crescendo to a smashing climax.

In a way, it is a novel attuned to the moving picture age. His picture of David Downing with the boys—the struggles of a man coming back—his reflections during the tempestuous scenes, wins a sympathy and appre-

case, the reader is conscious that it is true, for at some time he has known of such situations close at home, if not by personal contact. And it seems to be made purposely so in order to jolt your conversation into discussing this story of a Fighting Pastor.

The book gives a glimpse behind the scenes of the struggles of a pastor, and shows how men can never find themselves of themselves,



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but are always groping for the touch of some other and higher spirit. The life and career of Henry Ward Beecher remains an inspiration and his summary stands out as an enduring philosophy:

When a man uses this world for things that it was not meant to be used for, it is an unsatisfying world; but when a man uses it for the things that it was meant to be used for, it is a satisfying world, it is a glorious world.

When you look at society, men's occupations, and the like, in this large view the world is admirable. Its very rudeness, its hardness, its sufferings, are also a part of the primitive design, and are beneficial instrumentally. Men that love leisure never can understand what God means, who loves occupation. Men who put their supreme idea of life in self-indulgence cannot understand what God means, who makes self-exertion, in Himself, in angelic powers, in all His creatures, the test of real being. If men are seeking to be supine, to have infinite enjoyment

without earning it, and God is determined they shall be stirred up by storms of hope and fear, pain and ease, in order that they may grow and develop, of course they cannot understand Him or His administration. The prizes in this world are placed where those men shall get them who, by development, by opening and educating their powers, truly seek them.

There is a peculiar thrill when you read a book written by a friend, because you naturally think first of the author. When I learned that my friend, Mr. Zeigen, was writing another novel, I looked forward to reading it with a particular joy of anticipation. As he was writing it, I heard friends talking about it and discussing it, but I resisted every temptation to read it until I could get the book together and give it that intensive concentrated reading which this book must have to be appreciated. I had spent many hours

with him in the discussion of books and literary matters in general. An ardent enthusiast concerning literature in every phase, I was not surprised when I learned of the birth of a new book.

I had met Mr. Zeigen in the days when he was the Managing Regent of the University of Miami, when his whole heart and soul was absorbed in giving to the world a new institution of learning that would keep pace with the advanced ideas in education. His home in Miami was the salon of the "Magic City." Sunday afternoons there gathered a large number of authors, literary people and musicians who chanced to be visiting in the Southland at the time, which gave the occasions an atmosphere that suggested the old salons in Paris.

When I first heard of the title of his new book, "Lava," I thought of Pompeii, one of the most vivid pictures in all history of Divine retribution, but knowing the author, I knew full well that "Lava" would be a mighty lively bit of reading and not have a petrified paragraph in it. Then, too, I felt even before reading it, it would evoke criticism, because I knew the Doctor was anything but conventional in his convictions and that his deduction gathered from years of activity in church work would be of especial interest to church members.

The book is one that inspires the reader to suggest his own sub-titles, which is one of the most wholesome evidences of the value of a book.

\* \* \*

Some may shy because it is called a religious novel. Look back and you find it about time for the cycle of interest in such books to return. We recall Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "David Greave" and "Robert Elsmere," also Mrs. Margaret Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," and "Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill.

For a long period of time the Protestant Church has been receiving too much satire, too much criticism and too much erroneous publicity given to the world by people who have never been inside the church, who have never taught a Sunday-school class or preached a sermon from the pulpit and who do not understand the real ideals back of the great mission of the Protestant churches.

\* \* \*

The publication of such books as "Elmer Gantry" and other novels and criticisms issued by free thinkers, atheists, and others, have held the Protestant Christian ministry up to ridicule and sarcasm, and they have been cited as "molly-coddles," weaklings, preaching a gospel of effeminacy and weakness, whereas the actual facts of the case are that our Protestant ministry today has strong men in the pulpits, more able thinkers and more valiant and undaunted spirits, who are ready to help advance the morality and ethics of the community. This attitude on the part of the unthinking public must be met.

The author has committed himself to a glorification of the work of the Protestant ministry, even though pointing out the defects which might be found in the very halls of the church itself. The reaction upon the public ought to benefit the activities of the Protestant church at large.

Dr. Zeigen could not have chosen a more

*Continued on page 45*



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## Everyday Philosophy in Everyday Business

Continued from page 38

takes about Raymond's. He might think that the man with a small wage constituted the customers, but such is far from the truth. Golf suits, Tuxedos, dress gloves and hats of best material are not often bought by the poorer people. Here I found the plain, average man, students, professors, bankers and the "white collar" business men among those who respond to Mr. Dorr's proclamation.

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## Religion "As Is" Depicted in Zeigen's "Lava"

Continued from page 42

opportune time for writing "Lava." The struggles following the Eighteenth Amendment to enforce law—the wave of lawlessness—the problem of changing the habits of a people, a race or a nation in a decade, is not to be expected even in these swift-moving times. The beginning has been made, and in "Lava" the intrepid spirit of the Crusades is portrayed, indicating that the moral forces of the country are not going to relax until the law, backed by public sentiment, becomes the will of the people.

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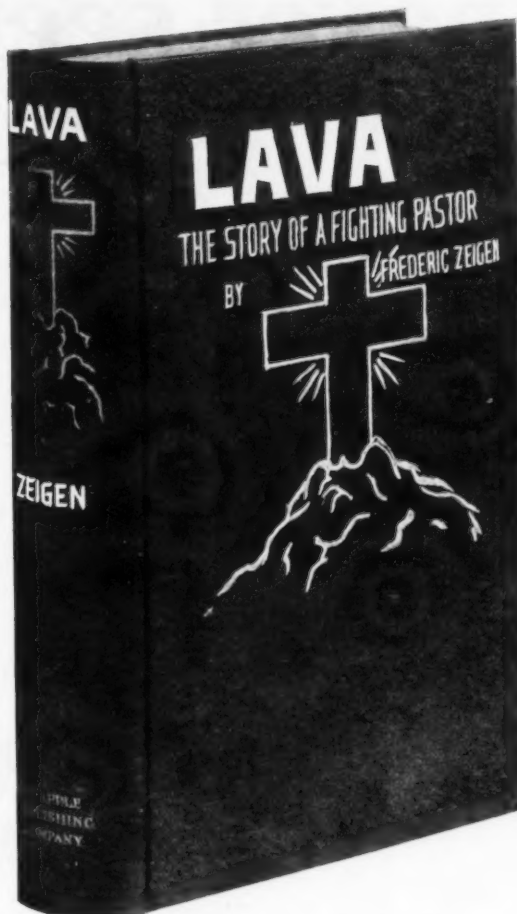
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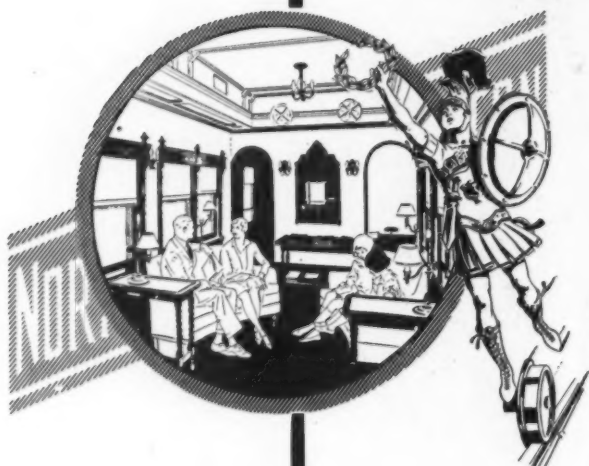
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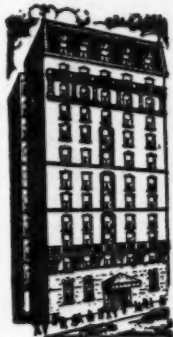
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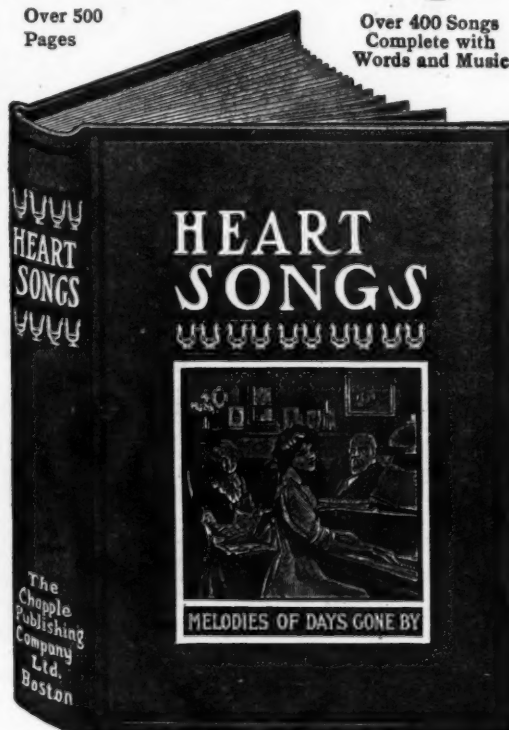
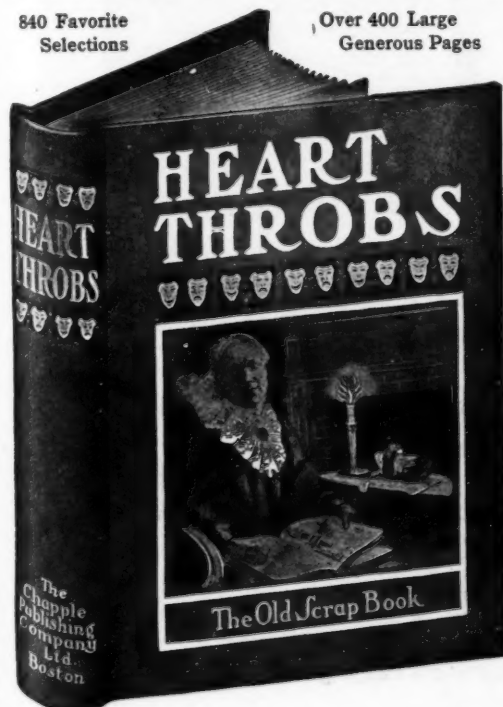
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*Herbert Hoover at Home on "S" Street After a Strenuous Day of the Campaign*



# Herbert Hoover—the People's Choice

*Record number of voters express their views through the ballot box—Woman's part in the campaign—Radio changes the old order of things—Sidelights of the most exciting political battle in many decades—The prospect of continued success*

UNDER the templed dome of the White House at Washington the next President will take his oath of office. The mind of the world will more than ever be focused upon the scenes enacted under the classic pillars of the Capitol on March 4, A.D., 1929. This is due because it will mark the beginning of a new administration by a President already known world-wide for his achievements.

In the second place, it will recall one of the most stirring campaigns in the history of the country, made the more intensive to everyone of the forty million voters by radio.

Night after night the millions attended a "political rally" around the loud speaker and were not only enabled to hear their own convictions presented, but there was an opportunity to "listen in" while the opposition were "expounding" and pounding their opponents with oft-repeated argument "misleading," "inconsistent," sometimes approaching the polite bully slogan of saying "You're another," and sometimes the bitter three-letter "lie" that is the cause of many a bitter and bloody political battle—because this is the word that ignites the real physical fighting instincts.

The presidential campaign which closed November 5, 1928, was one that in many respects paralleled that of 1924. The similarity extended not so much as to issue as to men and methods, with the added zest of radio participation. The campaign began four years ago arrayed in questions and issues that inflamed the passions and prejudices rather than appealed altogether to reason. While the contest was between the major political

in the South shied at the pronounced views of their candidate on prohibition which left them in the air—with nowhere to go if they wanted to vote for President except to vote for Herbert Hoover.

The sidelights on the 1928 campaign will stand out as dramatic. Following the nomination of Mr. Hoover at Kansas City, there was a rift among some of the old G. O. P. leaders, and no wild outburst of enthusiasm over the choice of Herbert Hoover. In fact, one of the candidates, Frank O. Lowden, withdrew his name after the platform had been decided upon, owing to his disagreement with the farm plank. It was evident that he could not be nominated, and that the people had been active in choosing delegates for Herbert Hoover irrespective of the kindly advice, counsel and consent of a large number of the old-time, old line political leaders. The time seemed propitious for a "new deal."

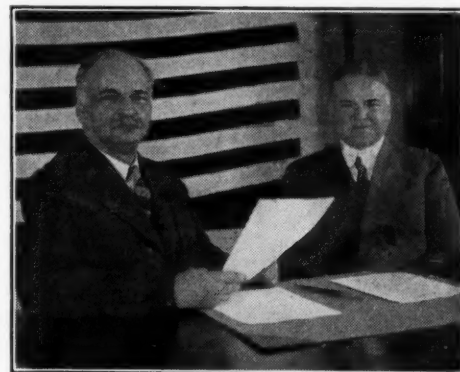
Then came the Houston Convention, with its "Happy Warrior" candidate Governor Alfred E. Smith, who received the nomination with the strains of the "Sidewalks of New York" as a hymn of victory. The situation of Governor Smith, a Tammany man, presented a bitter pill for the platform committee from the southern states, the backbone of the party, to swallow, but they did so heroically, hoping that the candidate might save them a complete surrender on the moral issue of Prohibition, which was an essential project of Southern leaders. A letter from the Happy Warrior following the Convention was disturbing and the revolt was pronounced in the Democratic ranks, although it was difficult for them to dissolve the old party ties—even with a great moral issue involved.

In this campaign there was the usual tragedy of the "almosts" and "not-quites," the same sort of alibis that prevail in football or any other human contest. Altogether it is an exciting game, when one realizes on what pivotal circumstances such great results may swing. All the rules of psychology go awry in a political campaign, for it is oftentimes the most incidental and apparently the most inconsequential circumstances that swing momentous results. Some philosophers have even extracted a virtue in the ugly word "anger," for it is insisted that great reforms have come from the aroused feelings known as anger. Herein comes the differentiation between anger and merely "getting mad," for in this state of mind one has lost the control wherein righteous anger may be able to direct a result that is advantageous to all concerned in correcting a flagrant evil or situation. In fact, all the great reforms are more or less the result of aroused indignation, and this element has been apparent in the political campaign of 1928 where Southern dry Democrats

joined their protest with the ultra-radical wet contingent of the Republicans in the North.

\* \* \*

Radio has been responsible for revolutionizing political campaigns and eliminating the old "spread eagle" stump speech, appealing to passions, which was a feature of the cam-



*The Nation's Choice*



*Herbert Hoover and President Coolidge*

parties, the platforms were shifted somewhat and on some deciding issue the people made no attempt to differentiate. There was sharp division and a revolt in both parties in these minor issues, but the Republicans managed to present a solid front with candidate and platform in accord, while the Democrats

paign in the yesteryears. Even Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, himself something of an orator of the old school, has said that the microphone has killed the old time campaign methods and left the orators, like Othello, with "occupation gone." Now, think of it, at least forty million pairs of ears in good working order listening in at one time to a single speech of a presidential candidate, with hook-ups that covered the entire country. This figure also represents about the estimated vote for President in 1928, indicating an increase greater than has ever been known in any of the succeeding four years that have followed since the American people first cast their sovereign ballot in choosing a President. The campaign appeal has been largely auditory and hundreds and even thousands of speakers at political meetings have had a larger audience than could ever be hoped for in a personal appearance, for each community has had its own radio rallies, outside of the "big show" broadcast. This vocal bedlam naturally precipitated a personal discussion of issues and candidates that has evoked an intense individual interest in the campaign, presaging something of a landslide one way or the other. There is always the independent voter to be considered in the early days of the campaign and then the bandwagon voter, who comes along in the last days, with a feeling that he does not want to be lonesome, and casts his vote in desperation one way while his heart impulse might dictate another.

Eighteen times the voters of the country

heard Governor Smith in 1928 with his familiar "To my way of thinking" and "Getting right down to the record," and using phraseology strangely familiar in the old-time campaigns. With only one-half of these radio appearances, nine altogether, Herbert Hoover has addressed the people. The contrast has been marked, because it has represented the old and new school in the manner

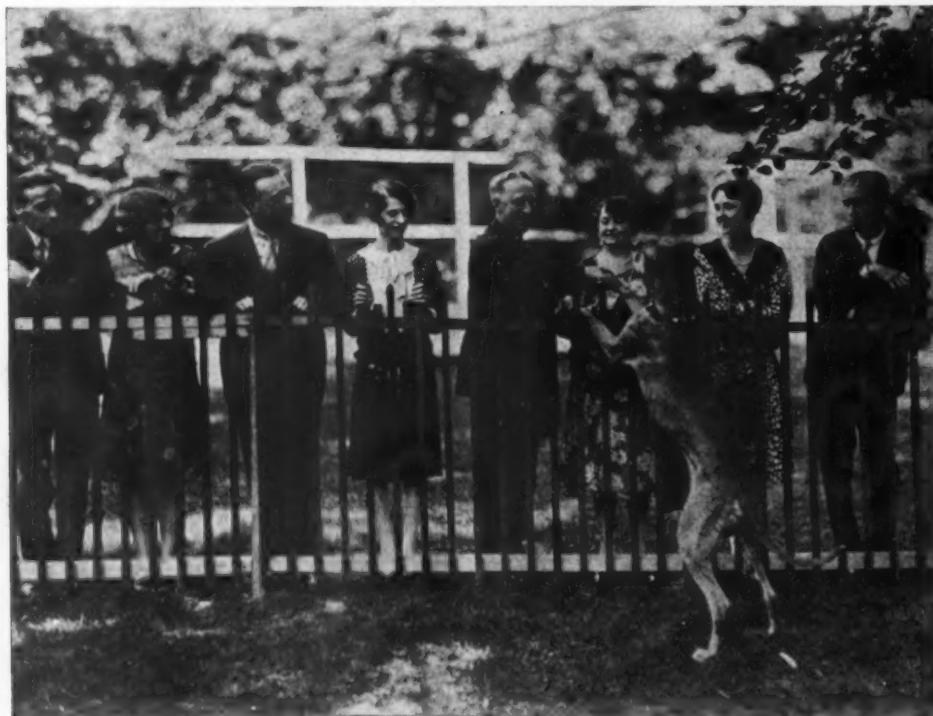
difference between shouts and votes. In this respect, the election of 1928 is an interesting commentary on the psychological processes which attend a nation's deliberations.

After all, what wins elections? We know that it is more often the little things than the great which turn the tides of destiny at crucial moments. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech may be termed one of the few truly

better than those who direct Democratic strategy.

November 6th sent back to the obscurity from whence they came a number of inconsequential persons who had assumed almost nation-wide importance in the magnifying glass of campaign excitement. This was most true in the Middle West where demagoguery had a banner year—until the votes were counted, showing how little basis there had been for the wild tales of defection in the farm states. This situation was caused by the frenzied leap into the limelight of large numbers of those who are always "agin" the party in power, and who thought that vocal enthusiasm for Smith meant that the time had come to heed the motto *carpe diem*. Consequently the air was filled with "bolters" who, it now appears, had nothing to bolt from, having been previously neither Republicans nor anything else. The election showed how little they were heeded, and how great is the American farmer's confidence in Herbert Hoover.

The one passion during a campaign is to find that jewel known as "consistency." Quoting a public man on what he said in years past is not always reconciled with statements of the recent present. The heralding of the statements of those of the party bolters is a merry pastime, and there is an insatiable thirst for a little gossip now and then which can be passed from mouth to mouth which does not care to seek the open light of the radio. It is estimated that there were 1,170,614 different arguments, personal and otherwise, advanced pro and con in this campaign, of which about 99.9 were not at all germane to the subject concerning the proposition, which involved the selection of the Chief Executive and members of Congress who would run the machinery of the government to the best advantage of the average voter. Vice-President Dawes made a number of fiery speeches in which he talked to the average voter in a most direct way. Senator Joe T. Robinson, the Democratic candidate for vice-president, was the main wheel horse campaigner for the Democratic party. He was on the firing line in every section of the country, early and late, and bore the brunt of the battle in all sections of the country. Senator Borah has had the time of his young life and has battled vigorously for the party and candidate. Franklin D. Roosevelt proved an effective card for the Democratic party in the big meeting class. All the congressmen and senators on both sides did more public campaigning in 1928 than has ever been known before in one campaign. The people seemed to want to hear and see the candidates and the familiar old word "misleading" was added to the old category of "mis" words that are recruited for active service in political campaigns. The conduct of the people at the large rallies was in strange contrast. At the Smith meetings the name of Hoover was booed, in good old Tammany, roughneck style, while the Republican heard the name of Smith with a knowing near-supercilious smile that always comes when the opposing candidate is referred to. The crowds were very enthusiastic and it would seem as if the conquering hero had returned to see a Hoover or Smith procession moving down the street. Every angle of publicity and propaganda processes were adopted to



Alfred E. Smith and Family

and method of talking. It is estimated that over \$2,000,000 has been expended in these broadcasts, which might be counted a high market price for the "hot air" supply of a campaign, and altogether the most expensive vocalizing that has ever been known since human beings began to communicate with each other by word of mouth.

There seems to have been a fore-handed promptness in the way Mr. Hoover launched his campaign early and in the manner in which Governor Smith waited until the psychological moment to begin his bombardment over the radio. The results seem to indicate that Mr. Hoover had a well-organized campaign under way and the voters pretty well settled in their drift during the summer months, while Governor Smith waited till the tingle of the campaign spirit moved him. The contrast in methods was quite as marked as the contrast in men, and the opportunity of corralling the large Mugwump or independent vote that has been cast in presidential campaigns was quietly crystallized in the interests of Mr. Hoover, himself something of an exemplification in independent action and thought. Governor Smith, on the other hand, has made his campaign more of a partisan appeal and naturally alienated a large amount of his Republican supporters early in the campaign.

Not even the magnetic Bryan in the unforgettable campaign of '96 demonstrated better than Governor Smith the sad and deceiving

dramatic utterances of a candidate—one of the few made in the heat of political battle that have stood the test of time and still retains appeal. Yet it was not enough to elect him against superior organization on the other side. But, on the other hand, two little incidents—one a preacher phrasing "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," the other a forgotten handshake in California in 1916—cost Blaine and Hughes, respectively, the presidency.

With a few outstanding exceptions, the actual speeches of the candidates during the campaign make little difference. Republicans gathered around the radio when Hoover spoke and shut it off when Smith came on the air and Democrats reversed the process. Each candidate was heard, in person and over the ether waves, largely by his own adherents. It was not so much what was said as the composite picture of it all: the past record, the issues as symbolized by the candidates and the parties, and finally the infinite toil of precinct workers, which reached the masses and swung the tide of victory the one way instead of the other. Considered from this aspect it may be said that better organization and a record which was apparently satisfactory to the voters of the land, won the election for the Republican party. There is a sort of psychology of "mass thought," based not upon dramatic appeals, but upon careful and painstaking upbuilding, which the Republican party seems to understand



throw a favorable light upon the political hero of the hour.

\* \* \*

A first-voter in this year of 1928 has had more of the thrill of old-time campaigning—minus its methods, perhaps—than those who have marked their initial presidential ballots in any quadrennial election in a couple of decades at least. It is to be regretted that the days of torchlight parades and transparencies have gone, but the picture, although less picturesque, has lost nothing of excitement.

The loud-speaker has replaced the gasoline-soaked cornucopia, and the fireside radio set took the place of the election night "party" with the bulletin boards on newspaper row. It was a thoroughly modern campaign, and those who did not keep up with the times were left in the lurch.

There were rallies a-plenty, but the ancient brass-band methods were replaced by more intense advertisement, designed to carry campaign words to as many people and as close to the homes as possible. Every large city had its organizations with their daily noon-day meetings. These were addressed by speakers who "rode the circuit" from meeting to meeting and city to city. Centrally located halls, convenient to the large noonday crowds, were seldom big enough to hold many people. To meet this difficulty, loud-speakers were employed with great effect. Where before a speaker's voice reached only the few hundreds within his natural range, now thousands of people, for blocks either way were able to hear the words of political entreaty and blandishment.

\* \* \*

Newspapers played their part. Estimates are that more columns of type have been printed about the 1928 campaign than any two previous elections. Despite this, it has been said that newspapers have lost their influence. This is only partly true. It is true that the old-time "personal" editors with their large individual followings have largely disappeared, and that more people are thinking for themselves rather than accepting the views of editorial writers. But it cannot be denied that partisan papers did their share in a subtler way, by a gradual building of the picture—through the medium of interpretive reporting,—that influenced many votes. As usual, the most successful were the most truthful, those who did not color the picture overmuch, but allowed the voters to see things as they were and make their own decisions.

\* \* \*

While I have vague memories of the Hayes and Tilden campaign of 1876, there is a clear recollection of the 1880 contest when Garfield and General Hancock were the contending candidates. Strangely enough, this was the first campaign in which the two leading candidates of 1928, Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith, participated in as boys, each carry-

ing a torch in the respective parades, duly labeled.

Could I ever forget the campaign of 1884 when Blaine of Maine was the idol and how I sat one cold October night under the platform and looked upon the man with dark eyes and gray beard who was the epitome of magnetic oratory. There was a passion and devotion to the man as the great crowds marched to and fro calling "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine."

Then there was the stolid Grover Cleveland, who sat at his desk and in fine Spencerian hand writing delivered messages that won votes and admiration of the Mugwumps on his Civil Service reform. In the Harrison campaign, with its grandfather's hat and the epigrammatic, terse speeches of Benjamin Harrison on the tariff were going full blast, while Grover Cleveland was battling with a schism within his own ranks.

Cleveland's historic campaign in 1892 was indicated in the deep and lasting impression he had made upon the people during his first term.

The campaign of 1928 has been compared to that of 1896, in which the electorate of the country was aroused and brought out full vote, involving the sound money issue. McKinley remained quietly at his home in Canton and received delegations and won the victory against the eloquent and electric Bryan, who had aroused the country as no man before in a campaign tour. I was with him on that eventful tour and never saw such an outburst of enthusiasm. Even the day before election there were fifty thousand people to see him at Peoria, Ill., and yet two days later he failed to carry the popular vote of the city.

The 1900 campaign was practically an endorsement of the popular McKinley, but it brought to the fore Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, his successor. In this campaign the McKinley administration was overwhelmingly endorsed, despite the aggressive campaigning of "The Commoner."

The Roosevelt campaign in 1904 proved an easy walkaway for the intrepid Rough Rider, who opposed Alton D. Parker, and refused to accept the nomination unless the party reversed itself on the money plank. There were many elements that entered into this campaign. There was a suggestion of the religious issue, but it never came to the surface.

In 1908 William Howard Taft had a walkaway against the irrepressible William Jennings Bryan, who was this time defeated for the third time after another notable campaign tour. All of which would indicate that campaign tours are fruitless when it comes to reaping a harvest of votes.

In 1912 Woodrow Wilson as the nominee easily won when Theodore Roosevelt appeared as the candidate for the Bull Moose, or third party, and received more votes than Taft, who only carried Vermont and Utah.

In 1916 Charles Evans Hughes was called from the Supreme Court bench to lead the

Republican party and made a sweeping campaign across the continent. The party was badly divided, but it was thought even on the day of election he had won until the returns came in from California, when it was revealed to Woodrow Wilson at his summer home at Shadow Lawn that he had been re-elected on the issue "He kept us out of war."

The 1920 victory of Warren G. Harding was overwhelming. James M. Cox of Ohio was badly defeated. The issue then was a return to normalcy and a fight over the question of the League of Nations.

In 1924 came the endorsement of Calvin Coolidge, the vice-presidential successor of Warren Harding. His opponent was John W. Davis, who faced the election with a badly disrupted party after the Madison Square Convention, where the religious issue had been raised. The defeat of Governor Smith for nominee at that time indicated a line-up for the 1928 convention.

The nomination of Herbert Hoover at Kansas City and Governor Smith at Houston are matters of recent history, but they indicate the combination of events leading back through many campaigns. Issues have somewhat shifted until it is difficult to find any difference between party platforms on the time-honored tariff question.

The analogy of the present campaign to that of 1896 would seem to indicate to a student of political campaigns that the candidate who is able to maintain a reserve and poise and stay-at-home quality and minds his own business is most likely to succeed. The effervescence of popular clamor and parade of the shortcomings of individuals of other political parties does not go far as a campaign issue.

This campaign has disclosed that the country is dry and that the Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution of the United States as irrevocable as any other of the Amendments.

The weather heretofore has had something to do with the result, as it affects one party or the other very materially. Cleveland's election in 1884 was accomplished by a change of eleven hundred votes in New York State. The weather on that election day was very unpropitious, and the thousands of stay-at-home Republicans were as effective in accomplishing the defeat of James G. Blaine and his dreams of the presidency as were the aggressive votes of his opponents. But with a registration reaching forty-three million, the Election Day brought out almost forty million sovereign voters to express the will of the republic as to party and President in this eventful year of 1928.

The great surging sea of bitterness and discussion will quickly pass, for the morning after election the nation awakens to find that they are all "just folks" and belong to one great national family, and then rub their eyes and wonder "What has it been all about?"





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